A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

emed.folger.edu

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare’s contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London’s professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH’s Division of Preservation and Access.

Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.
THE
REVENGERS
TRAGÆDIE.

As it hath beene sundry times Acted,
by the Kings Maiesties
Servants.

AT LONDON
Printed by G. ELD, and are to be sold at his
house in Fleet-lane at the signe of the
Printers-Presse.
1607.
The Reuengers Tragædie.

ACT. 1. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Vendici, the Duke, Duchesse, Lusurioso her sonne, Spurio the bastard, with a traine, passe ouer the Stage with Torch-light.


Vindi. DVke: royall letcher; goe, gray hayred adultery, And thou his sonne, as impious steept as hee: And thou his bastard true-begott in euill: And thou his Dutchesse that will doe with Diuill, Foure exlent Characters — O that marrow-lesse age, Would stuffe the hollow Bones with dambd desires, And stead of heate kindle infernall fires, Within the spend-thrift veynes of a drye Duke, A parcht and iuicelesse luxur. O God! one That has scarce bloud iough to liue vpon. And hee to ryct it like a sonne and heyre? O the thought of that

Turnes my abused heart-strings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poysoned loue,
My studies ornament, thou shell of Death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,
When life and beauty naturally fild out
These ragged imperfections;
When two-heauen-pointed Diamonds were set
In those vnsightly Rings; — then ’twas a face
So farre beyond the artificiall shine
Of any womans bought complexion
That the vprightest man, (if such there be,
That sinne but seauen times a day) broke custome
And made vp eight with looking after her,
Oh she was able to ha made a Vsurers sonne
Melt all his patrimony in a kisse,
And what his father fiftie yeares told
To haue consumde, and yet his sute beene cold:
But oh accursed Pallace!
Thee when thou wert appareld in thy flesh,
The old Duke poyson’d,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Vnto his palsey-lust, for old men lust-full
Do show like young men angry, eager violent,
Out-bid like their limited performances
O ware an old man hot, and vicious
„Age as in gold, in lust is couetous.

Vengence thou murders Quit-rent, and whereby
Thou shoust thy selve Tennant to Tragedy,
Oh keepe thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determind: hum: who ere knew
Murder vnpayd, faith giue Reuenge her due
Sha’s kept touch hetherto — be merry, merry,
Aduance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes
To haue their costly three-pilde flesh worn of
As bare as this — for banquets: ease and laughter,
Can make great men, as greatnesse goes by clay,
But wise men little are more great then they?

Enter her brother Hippolito.

Hip. Still sighing ore deaths vizard.

Vind. Brother welcome,

What comfort bringst thou? how go things at Court?

Hip. In silke and siluer brother: neuer brauer.

Vind. Puh,

Thou playst vpon my meaning pree-thee say
Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?
Yet thought vpon’s, speake are we happy yet?
Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabberd fit.

Hip. It may proue happinesse?

Vind. What ist may proue?

Giue me to tast.

Hip. Giue me your hearing then,

You know my place at Court.

Vind. I; the Dukes Chamber

But tis a maruaile thourt not turnd out yet!

Hip. Faith I haue beene shooud at, but twas still my hap

To hold by’th Duchesse skirt, you gesse at that,
Whome such a Coate keepes vp can nere fall flat,
But to the purpose.

Last euening predecessor vnto this,
THE REVENGERS TRAGEDIE.

The Dukes sonne warily enquird for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began,
By policy to open and vnhuske me
About the time and common rumour:
But I had so much wit to keepe my thoughts
Vp in their built houses, yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger,
But the whole ayme, and scope of his intent
Ended in this, conjuring me in priuate,
To seeke some strange digested fellow forth:
Of ill-contented nature, either disgracst
In former times, or by new grooms displacst,
Since his Step-mothers nuptialls, such a bloud
A man that were for euill onely good;
To give you the true word some base coynd Pander?

Vind. I reach you, for I know his heate is such,
Were there as many Concubines as Ladies
He would not be contaynd, he must flie out:
I wonder how ill feature, wilde proportiond.
That one should be: if she were made for woman,
Whom at the Insurrection of his lust
He would refuse for once, heart, I thinke none,
Next to a skull, tho more vnsound then one
Each face he meetes he strongly doates vpon.

Hip. Brother y’aue truly spoke him?
He knowes not you, but Ile sweare you know him.

Vind. And therefore ile put on that knaue for once,
And be a right man then, a man a’th Time,
For to be honest is not to be ith world,
Brother ile be that strange composed fellow.

Hip. And ile prefer you brother.

Vind. Go too then,
The smallst advantage fattens wronged men
It may point out, occasion, if I meete her,
Ile hold her by the fore-top fast ynough;
Or like the French Moale heauue vp hayre and all,
I haue a habit that wil fit it quainty,
Here comes our Mother. Hip. And Sister.

A3 Vind.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Vind. We must quoyne.
Women are apt you know to take false money,
But I dare stake my soule for these two creatures
Onely excuse excepted that they’le swallow,
Because their sexe is easie in beleefe.

Moth. What newes from Cour sonne Carlo?
Hip. Faith Mother,
Tis whisperd there the Duchesse yongest sonne
Has playd a Rape on Lord Antonios wife.

Moth. On that relligious Lady!
Cast. Royall bloud: monster he deserues to die,
If Italy had no more hopes but he.

Vin. Sister y’aue sentenc’d most direct, and true,
The Lawes a woman, and would she were you:
Mother I must take leaue of you.

Moth. Leaue for what?
Vin. I Intend speedy trauaile.
Hip. That he do’s Madam. Mo. Speedy indeed!

Vind. For since my worthy fathers funerall,
My life’s vnnaturally to me, e’en compeld
As if I liu’d now when I should be dead.

Mot. Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman
Had his estate beene fellow to his mind.

Vind. The Duke did much deiect him.

Moth. Much?

Vind. To much.

And through disgrace oft smotherd in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I thinke hee dyed
Of discontent: the Noblemans consumption.

Moth. Most sure he did!

Vind. Did he? lack, — you know all
You were his mid-night secretary.

Moth. No.

He was to wise to trust me with his thoughts.

Vind. Yfaith then father thou wast wise indeed,
„Wiuues are but made to go to bed and feede.
Come mother, sister: youle bring me onward brother?

Hip. I will.

Vind.
Enter the old Duke, Lussiurioso, his sonne, the Duchesse; the Bastard, the Duchesse two sonnes Ambitioso, and Superuacuo, the third her yongest brought out with Officers for the Rape two Judges.

Duke. Duchesse it is your yongest sonne, we’re sory,
His violent Act has e’en drawne bloud of honor
And staind our honors,
Throwne inck vpon the for-head of our state
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot vs in our Toombes.
For that which would seeme treason in our liues
Is laughter when we’re dead. who dares now whisper
That dares not then speake out, and e’en proclaime,
With lowd words and broad pens our closest shame.

Iud. Your grace hath spoke like to your siluer yeares
Full of confirmed grauity; — for what is it to haue,
A flattering false insculption on a Toombe:
And in mens hearts reproch, the boweld Corps,
May be seard in, but with free tongue I speake,
„The faults of great men through their fearce clothes breake,

Duk. They do, we’re sory for’t, it is our fate,
To liue in feare and die to liue in hate,
I leaue him to your sentance dome him Lords
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.

Duch. My gratious Lord I pray be mercifull,
Although his trespasse far exceed his yeares,
Thinke him to be your owne as I am yours,
Call him not sonne in law: the law I feare
Wil fal too soone vpon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pitty?

Luss. Good my Lord.
Then twill not tast so bitter and vnpleasant
Vpon the Judges pallat, for offences
Gilt ore with mercy, show like fayrest women,
Good onely for therr beauties, which washt of: no sin is oug-

Ambitis I beseech your grace, (lier
Be soft and mild, let not Relentlesse Law,

Vind. Ile quickly turne into another.
Exeunt.
Looke with an iron for-head on our brother.

Spu.  He yeelds small comfort yet, hope he shall die,
And if a bastards wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turnde into a coarse,

Duc.  No pitty yet? must I rise fruitlesse then,
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,
Of such lowe — mettall — that without Respect —

1. Iudg.  Let the offender stand forth,
Tis the Dukes pleasure that Impartiall Doome,
Shall take first hold of his vncklean attempt,
A Rape! why tis the very core of lust,
Double Adultery.

Iuni.  So Sir.

2. Iud.  And which was worse,
Committed on the Lord Antonioes wife,
That Generall honest Lady, confesse my Lord!
What mou’d you toot?

Iuni.  why flesh and blood my Lord.
What should moue men vnto a woman else,

Luss.  O do not iest thy doome, trust not an axe
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,
Tho marriage onely has made thee my brother,
I loue thee so far, play not with thy Death,

Iuni.  I thanke you troth, good admonitions faith,
If ide the grace now to make vse of them,

1. Iud.  That Ladies name has spred such a faire wing
Ouer all Italy; that if our Tongs,
Were sparing toward the Fact, Judgment it selfe,
Would be condemned and suffer in mens thoughts,

Iuni.  Well then tis done, and it would please me well
Were it to doe agen: sure shees a Goddesse,
For ide no power to see her, and to liue,
It falls out true in this for I must die,
Her beauty was ordaynd to be my scaffold,
And yet my thinks I might be easier ceast,
My fault being sport, let me but die in iest,

1. Iud.  This be the sentence,

Duc.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Dut. O keept vpon your Tongue, let it not slip,

Death too soone steales out of a Lawyers lip,

Be not so cruell-wise?

1. Iudg. Your Grace must pardon vs,

’Tis but the Justice of the Lawe.

Dut. The Lawe,

Is growne more subtil then a woman should be.

Spu. Now, now he dyes, rid ’em away.

Dut. O what it is to haue an old-coole Duke,

To bee as slack in tongue, as in performance.

1. Iudg. Confirmde, this be the doome irreuocable.


Dut. Pray be a bed my Lord.

1. Iudg. Your Grace much wrongs your selfe.

Ambi. No ’tis that tongue,

Your too much right, dos do vs too much wrong.

1. Iudg. Let that offender —

Dut. Liue, and be in health.

1. Iud Be on a Scaffold— Duk. Hold, hold, my Lord.

Spu. Pax ont,

What makes my Dad speake now?

Duke. We will defer the judgement till next sitting,

In the meane time let him be kept close prisoner:

Guard beare him hence.

Ambi. Brother, this makes for thee,

Feare not, weele haue a trick to set thee free.

Iuni. Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope

I rest. Super. Farewell, be merry.

Exit with a garde.

Spu. Delayd, deferd nay then if judgement haue cold bloud,

Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke. About it then my Lords with your best powers,

More serious businesse calls vpon our hours.

Exe. manet Du.

Dut. Wast euer knowne step-Dutchesse was so milde,

And calme as I? some now would plot his death,

With easie Doctors, those loose liuing men,

And make his wither’d Grace fall to his Graue,

And keepe Church better?

Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

B Her
THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Her double loathd Lord at meate and sleepe,
Indeed 'tis true an old mans twice a childe,
Mine cannot speake, one of his single words,
Would quite haue freed my yongest deerest sonne
From death or durance, and haue made him walke
With a bold foote vpon the thornie law,
Whose Prickles should bow vnder him, but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,
Ile kill him in his fore-head, hate there feede,
That wound is deepest tho it neuer bleed:
And here comes hee whom my heart points vnto,
His bastard sonne, but my loues true-begot,
Many a wealthy letter haue I sent him,
Sweld vp with Jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kinde,
That Jewel’s mine that quiuers in his eare,
Mocking his Maisters chilnesse and vaine feare,
Ha’s spide me now.

Spu. Madame? your Grace so priuate.
My duety on your hand.

Dut. Vpon my hand sir, troth I thinke youde feare,
To kisse my hand too if my lip stood there,

Spi. Witnesse I would not Madam.

Dut. Tis a wonder,
For ceremonie ha’s made many fooles,
It is as easie way vnto a Dutchesse,
As to a Hatted-dame, (if her loue answer)
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,
Idle degrees of feare, men make their wayes
Hard of themselues — what haue you thought of me?

Spi. Madam I euer thinke of you, in duty,
Regard and —

Dut. Puh, vpon my loue I meane.

Spu. I would 'twere loue, but 'tus a fowler name
Then lust; you are my fathers wife, your Grace may gesse now,
What I could call it.

Dut. Why th’art his sonne but falsly,
Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

Spu.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Spu. Ifaith 'tis true too; Ime an vncertaine man,
Of more vncertaine woman; may be his groome 'ath stable be-
got me, you know I know not, hee could ride a horse well, a
shrowd suspition marry — hee was wondrous tall, hee had his
length yfaith, for peeping ouer halfe shut holy-day windowes,
Men would desire him light, when he was a foot,
He made a goodly show vnder a Pent-house,
And when he rid, his Hatt would check the signes, and clatter
Barbers Basons.

Dut. Nay set you a horse back once,
Youle nere light off.

Spu. Indeed I am a beggar.

Dut. That’s more the signe thou’art Great — but to our loue.
Let it stand firme both in thought and minde,
That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then
Hee bid faire fort, thy injurie is the more,
For had hee cut thee a right Diamond,
Thou hadst beene next set in the Duke-doomes Ring,
When his Worne selfe like Ages easie slaue,
Had dropt out of the Collet into th’ Graue;
What wrong can equall this? canst thou be tame
And thinke vpon’t.

Spu. No mad and thinke vpon’t.

Dut. Who would not be reuengd of such a father,
E’en in the worst way? I would thanke that sinne,
That could most injury him, and bee in league with it,
Oh what a griefe 'tis, that a man should liue
But once ith world, and then to liue a Bastard,
The curse a’t he wombe, the theefe of Nature,
Begot against the seuenth commandement,
Halfe dambd in the conception, by the iustice
Of that vnribbed everlasting law.

Spu. Oh Ide a hot-backt Diuill to my father.

Dut. Would not this mad e’en patience, make bloud rough?
Who but an Eunuch would not sinne? his bed
By one false minute disinheritid.

Spi. I, there’s the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in,
Ile be reuengd for all, now hate begin,
[Tragedy]

Enter Vindici and Hippolito, Vindici in disguise to attend L. Lussurioso the Duke's son.

Vind. What brother? am I far enough from my selfe?

Hip. As if another man had beene sent whole

Into
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Into the world, and none wist how he came.  

Vind. It wil confirme me bould: the child a’ th Court,  
Let blushes dwell i’th Country impudence!  
Thou Goddesse of the pallace, Mistrs of Mistresses  
To whom the costly perfumd-people pray,  
Strike thou my fore-head into dauntlesse Marble;  
Mine eyes to steady Saphires: turne my visage,  
And if I must needes glow, let me blush inward  
That this immodest season may not spy,  
That scholler in my cheekes, foole-bashfullnes.  
That Maide in the old time, whose flush of Grace  
Would never suffer her to get good cloaths;  
Our maides are wiser; and are lesse ashamd,  
Saue Grace the bawde I seldom heare Grace nam’d!  

Hip. Nay brother you reach out a’th Verge now, — Sfoote  
the Dukes sonne, settle your lookes.  

Vind. Pray let me not be doubted. Hip. My Lord —  
Luss. Hipolito? — be absent leve vs.  

Hip. My Lord after long search, wary inquiryes  
And politick siftings, I made chose of yon fellow,  
Whom I gesse rare for many deepe imployments;  
This our age swims within him: and if Time  
Had so much hayre, I should take him for Time,  
He is so neere kinne to this present minute?  

Luss. Tis ynough.  
We thanke thee: yet words are but great-mens blanckes  
Gold tho it be dum do’s vter the best thankes.  

Hip. Your plenteous honor — an extlent fellow my Lord.  
Luss. So, giue vs leve — welcome, bee not far off, we must bee  
better acquainted, push, be bould with vs, thy hand:  

Vind. With all my heart yfaith how dost sweete Musk-cat.  
When shall we lie togethier?  

Luss. Wondrous knaue!  
Gather him into bouldnesse, Sfoote the slaue’s  
Already as familiar as an Ague,  
And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can  
Forget my selfe in priuate, but else where,  
I pray do you remember me.  

B3  

Vind.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Ladies

Vind. Oh very well sir — I conster my selfe sawcy!
Luss. What hast beene,
Of what profession.

Vind. A bawde my Lord,
One that setts bones togethier.

Luss. Notable bluntnesse?
Fit, fit for me, e’en traynd vp to my hand
Thou hast beene Scrivener to much knauary then.

Vind. Foole, to abundance sir; I haue beene witnesse
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins,
And not so little,
I haue seene Patrimonyes washt a peices
Fruit-feilds turnd into bastards,
And in a world of Acres,
Not so much dust due to the heire t’was left too
As would well grauell a petition!

Luss. Fine villaine? troth I like him wonderously
Hees e’en shapt for my purpose, then thou knowst
Ith world strange lust.

Vind. O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Druncken procrearion, which begets, so many drunckards;
Some father dreads not (gonne to bedde in wine) to slide from
the mother,
And cling the daughter-in-law,
Some Vncles are adulterous with their Neeces,
Brothers with brothers wiues, O howre of Incest!
Any kin now next to the Rim ath sister
Is mans meate in these dayes, and in the morning
When they are vp and drest, and their maske on,
Who can perceiue this? saue that eternall eye
That see’s through flesh and all, well: — If any thing be dambd?
It will be twelue a clock at night; that twelue
Will neuer scape;
It is the Iudas of the howers; wherein,
Honest saluation is betrayde to sin,

Luss. In troth it is too? but let this talke glide
It is our bloud to erre, tho hell gape lowde

Ladies
Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proude!
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou’rt subtil,
And deeply fadomd into all estates
I would embrace thee for a neere imployment,
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggers crouch to thee.

*Vind.* My Lord?
Secret? I nere had that disease ath mother
I praise my father: why are men made closse?
But to keepe thoughts in best, I grant you this
Tell but some woman a secret ouer night,
Your doctor may finde it in the vrinall ith morning,
But my Lord.

*Luss.* So, thou’rt confirmd in mee
And thus I enter thee.

*Vind.* This Indian diuill,
Will quickly enter any man: but a Vsurer,
He preuents that, by entring the diuill first.

*Luss.* Attend me, I am past my depth in lust
And I must swim or drowne, all my desires
Are leueld at a Virgin not far from Court,
To whom I haue conuayde by Messenger
Many waxt Lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And iewells that were able to rauish her
Without the helpe of man; all which and more
Shee foolish chast sent back, the messengers,
Receiuing frownes for answeres.

*Vind.* Possible!
Tis a rare *Phænix* who ere she bee,
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth my Lord ide be reuengde and marry her.

*Luss.* Push; the doury of her bloud & of her fortunes,
Are both too meane, — good ynough to be bad withal
Ime one of that number can defend
Marriage is good: yet rather keepe a friend,
Gieue me my bed by stealth — theres true delight
What breeds a loathing in’t, but night by night.

*Vind.* A very fine relligion?

*Luss.*
Luss. Therefore thus,  
Ile trust thee in the businesse of my heart  
Because I see thee wel experienc’st  
In this Luxurious day wherein we breath,  
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue  
Bewitch her eares, and Couzen her of all Grace  
Enter upn the portion of her soule,  
Her honor, which she calls her chastity  
And bring it into expence, for honesty  
Is like a stock of money layd to sleepe,  
Which nere so little broke, do’s neuer keep:  

Vind. You haue gint the Tang yfaith my Lord  
Make knowne the Lady to me, and my braine,  
Shall swell with strange Inuention: I will moue it  
Till I expire with speaking, and drop downe  
Without a word to saue me; — but ile worke ———  

Luss. We thanke thee, and will raise thee: — receiue her name,  
it is the only daughter, to Madame Gratiana the late widdow.  


Vind. My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin  
As thus, oh Ladie — or twenty hundred deuices,  
Her very bodkin will put a man in.  

Luss. I, or the wagging of her haire.  

Vind. No, that shall put you in my Lord.  

Luss. Shal’t? why content, dost know the daughter then?  

Vind. O exlent well by sight.  

Luss. That was her brother  
That did prefer thee to vs.  

Vind. My Lord I thinke so,  
I knew I had seene him some where ———  

Luss. And therefore pree-thee let thy heart to him,  
Be as a Virgin, close.  Vind. Oh me good Lord.  

Luss. We may laugh at that simple age within him;  

Vind. Ha, ha, ha.  

Luss. Himselfe being made the subtil instrument,  
To winde vp a good fellow.  

Vind. That’s I my Lord.  

Luss. That’s thou.  

To
To entice and worke his sister.
   \textit{Vind.} A pure nouice? \textit{Luss.} T’was finely manag’d.
   \textit{Vind.} Gallantly carried;
   A pretty-perfumde villaine.
   \textit{Luss.} I’ue bethought me
If she prooue chast still and immoueable,
Venture vpon the Mother, and with giftes
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.
   \textit{Vin.} Oh fie, fie, that’s the wrong end my Lord. Tis meere impossible that a mother by any gifts should become a bawde to her owne Daughter!
   \textit{Luss.} Nay then I see thou’rt but a puny in the subtill Mistery of a woman: — why tis held now no dainty dish: The name Is so in league with age, that now adaiies
It do’s Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;
   \textit{Vind.} Dost so my Lord?
Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.
   \textit{Luss.} Why well sayd, come ile furnish thee, but first sweare to be true in all.
   \textit{Vind.} True? \textit{Luss.} Nay but sweare!
   \textit{Vind.} Sweare? — I hope your honor little doubts my fayth.
   \textit{Luss.} Yet for my humours sake cause I loue swearing.
   \textit{Vind.} Cause you loue swearing, slud I will.
   \textit{Luss.} Why ynough,
Ere long looke to be made of better stuff.
   \textit{Vind.} That will do well indeed my Lord.
   \textit{Luss.} Attend me?
   \textit{Vind.} Oh.
Now let me burst, I’ue eaten Noble poysen,
We are made strange fellowes, brother, innocent villaines,
Wilt not be angry when thou hearest on’t, thinkst thou?
Ifayth thou shalt; sweare me to foule my sister.
Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,
Thou shalt dis-heire him, it shall be thine honor,
And yet now angry froath is downe in me,
It would not proue the meanest policy
In this disguize to try the fayth of both,
Another might haue had the selfe same office,
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

Some slaue, that would haue wrought effectuallly,
I and perhaps ore-wrought em, therefore I,
Being thought trauiyld, will apply my selfe,
Vnto the selfe same forme, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to em,
So touch ’em, — tho I durst almost for good,
Venture my lands in heauen vpon their good.

Exit.

Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchesses youngest Sonne rauisht; he Discouering the body of her dead to certaine Lords: and Hippolito.

L. Ant. Draw neerer Lords and be sad witnesses
Of a fayre comely building newly falne,
Being falsely vndermined: violent rape
Has playd a glorious act, behold my Lords
A sight that strikes man out of me:

Piero That vertuous Lady? Ant. President for wiues?
Hip. The blush of many weomen, whose chast presence,
Would ene call shame vp to their cheekes,
And make pale wanton sinners haue good colours. —

L. Ant. Dead!
Her honor first drunke poysone, and her life,
Being fellowes in one house did pledge her honour,

Pier. O greefe of many!
L. Anto. I markt not this before.

A prayer Booke the pillow to her cheeke,
This was her rich confection, and another
Plaste’d in her right hand, with a leafe tuckt vp,
Poynting to these words.

Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus viuere.
True and effectuall it is indeed.

Hip. My Lord since you enuite vs to your sorrowes,
Lets truely tast’em, that with equall comfort,
As to our selues we may releiue your wrongs,
We haue greefe too, that yet walkes without Tong,

Curæ leues loquuntur, Maiores stupent.

L. Ant. You deal with truth my Lord.
Lend me but your Attentions, and Ile cut
Long greefe into short words: last reuelling night.

When
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

When Torch-light made an artificiall noone
About the Court, some Courtiers in the maske,
Putting on better faces then their owne,
Being full of frawde and flattery: amongst whome,
The DucheSES yongest sonne (that moth to honor)
Fild vp a Roome; and with long lust to eat,
Into my wearing; amongst all the Ladyes,
Singled out that deere forme; who euuer liu’d,
As cold in Lust as shee is now in death;
(Which that step Duche — Monster knew to well;)
And therefore in the height of all the reuells,
When Musick was hard lowdest, Courtiers busiest,
And Ladies great with laughter; — O Vitious minute!
Vnfit but for relation to be spoke of,
Then with a face more impudent then his vizard
He harried her amidst a throng of Panders,
That liue vppon damnation of both kindes,
And fed the rauenous vulture of his lust,
(O death to thinke ont) she her honor forest,
Deemd it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poyson then to liue with shame.

_Hip._ A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,
Sh’as made her name an Empresse by that act,

_Pier._ My Lord what judgement followes the offender?

_L. Ant_ Faith none my Lord it cooles and is defer’d,

_Pier._ Delay the doome for rape?

_L. Ant_ O you must note who tis should die,

The DucheSse sonne, sheele looke to be a sauer,
„Judgment in this age is nere kin to fauour.

_Hip._ Nay then step forth thou _Bribelesse_ officer;

I bind you all in steele to bind you surely,
Heer let your oths meet, to be kept and payd,
Which else will sticke like rust, and shame the blade,
Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,
Judgment speake all in gold, and spare the bloud
Of such a serpent, e’en before their seats,
To let his soule out, which long since was found,
Guilty in heauen.

_C2_
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

All. We sweare it and will act it,
L. Anto. Kind Gentlemen, I thanke you in mine Ire,
Hip. Twere pitty?
The ruins of so faire a Monument,
Sould not be dipt in the defacers bloud,
Piero. Her funerall shall be wealthy, for her name,
Merits a toombe of pearle; my Lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,
No doubt our greefe and youres may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with Reueng,
L. Anto. That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I ioy,
In this one happines aboue the rest,
Which will be cald a miracle at last,
That being an old—man ide a wife so chast.  
Exeunt.

ACTVS. 2. SCAE 1.

Enter Castiza the sister.

Cast. How hardly shall that mayden be beset,
Whose onely fortunes, are her constant thoughts,
That has no other childe's-part but her honor,
That Keepes her lowe; and empty in estate.
Maydes and their honors are like poore beginners,
Were not sinne rich there would be fewer sinners;
Why had not vertue a reuennewe? well,
I know the cause, twold haue impouerish'd hell.
How now Dondolo.

Don. Madona, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and
blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desire-ously
mouth to mouth with you.
Cast. Whats that?
Don. Show his teeth in your company,
Cast. I vnderstand thee not;
Don. Why speake with you Madona!
Cast. Why say so mad-man, and cut of a great deale of durty
way; had it not beeene better spoke in ordinary words that one
would speake with me.
Don. Ha, ha, thats as ordinary as two shillings, I would striue

alittle
alittle to show my selfe in my place, a Gentleman-vsher scornes
to vse the Phrase and fanzye of a seruingman.

    Cast.  Yours be your one sir, go direct him hether,
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately trauald, whome my soule affects.
Here he comes.

    Enter Vindice her brother disguised.

    Vin.  Lady the best of wishes to your sexe.
Faire skins and new gownes,
    Cast.  Oh they shall thanke you sir,
Whence this,
    Vin.  Oh from a deere and worthy friend, mighty!
    Cast.  From whome?
    Vin.  The Dukes sonne!
    Cast.  Receiuee that!

    A boxe ath eare to her Brother.

I swore I’de put anger in my hand,
And passe the Virgin limits of my selfe,
To him that next appear’d in that base office,
To be his sinnes Atturney, beare to him,
That figure of my hate vpon thy cheeke
Whilst tis yet hot, and Ile reward thee fort,
Tell him my honor shall haue a rich name,
When seuerall harlots shall share his with shame,
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

    Vin.  It is the sweetest Boxe,
That ere my nose came nye,
The finest drawne-worke cuffe that ere was wonne,
Ile loue this blowe for euer, and this cheeke
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.
Oh Ime aboue my tong: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honorable showne,
Many are cald by their honour that haue none,
Thou art approu’d for euer in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taynt thee,
And yet for the salvation of my oth,
As my resolue in that poyn; I will lay,
Hard seige vnto my Mother, tho I know,
A Syrens tongue could not bewitch her so.
Masse fitly here she comes, thankes my disguize,
Madame good afternoone.

    Moth.    Y’ are welcome sir?
    Vind.    The Next of Italy commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the Dukes sonne.

    Moth.    I thinke my selfe much honord, that he pleases,
To ranke me in his thoughts.
    Vind.    So may you Lady:
One that is like to be our suddaine Duke,
The Crowne gapes for him euery tide, and then
Commander ore vs all, do but thinke on him,
How blest were they now that could pleasure him
E’en with any thing almost.

    Moth.    I, saue their honor?
    Vind.    Tut, one would let a little of that go too
And nere be seene in’t: nere be seene it, marke you,
Ide winck and let it go —

    Moth.    Marry but I would not.
    Vind.    Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,
If youd that bloud now which you gaue your daughter,
To her indeed tis, this wheele comes about,
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
(For his white father do’s but moulde away)
Has long desirde your daughter.    Moth.    Desirde?
    Vind.    Nay but heare me,
He desirs now that will command hereafter,
Therefore be wise, I speake as more a friend
To you then him; Madam, I know y’are poore,
And lack the day, there are too many poore Ladies already
Why should you vex the number? tis despisd,
Liue wealthy, rightly vnderstand the world,
And chide away that foolish — Country girle
Keepes company with your daughter, chastity,

    Moth.    Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mo-
ther to such a most vnnaturall taske.
    Vind.    No, but a thousand Angells can,
Men haue no power, Angells must worke you too’t,
The world descends into such base-borne euills
That forty Angells can make fourescore diuills,
There will be fooles still I perceiue, still foole.
Would I be poore deiected, scornd of greatnesse,
Swept from the Pallace, and see other daughters
Spring with the dewe ath Court, hauing mine owne
So much desir’d and lou’d — by the Dukes sonne,
No, I would raise my state vpon her brest
And call her eyes my Tennants, I would count
My yearely maintenance vpon her cheekes:
Take Coach vpon her lip, and all, her partes
Should keepe men after men, and I would ride,
In pleasure vpon pleasure:
You tooke great paines for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, tho it be but some
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home,

Moth. O heauens! this ouer-comes me?
Vind. Not I hope, alread
Moth. It is too strong for me, men know that know vs,
We are so weake their words can ouerthrow vs,
He toucht me neerely made my vertues bate
When his tongue struck vpon my poore estate.

Vind. I e’en quake to proceede, my spirit turnes edge?
I feare me she’s vnmotherd, yet ile venture,
„That woman is all male, whome none can Enter?
What thinke you now Lady, speake are you wiser?
What sayd advancement to you: thus it sayd!
The daughters fal lifts vp the mothers head:
Did it not Madame? but ile sweare it does
In many places, tut, this age feares no man,
„Tis no shame to be bad, because tis common.

Moth. I that’s the comfort on’t.
Vind. The comfort on’t!
I keepe the best for last, can these perswade you
To forget heauen — and —  Moth. I these are they?
Vind. Oh!
Moth. That enchant our sexe,
These are the means that gouerne our affections, — that woman
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you,
I blush to thinke what for your sakes Ile do!

Vind. O suffring heauen with thy inuisible finger,
Ene at this Instant turne the pretious side
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see my selfe,

Mot. Let this thanke your paines.
Vind. O you’r a kind Mad-man;
Mot. Ile see how I can moue,
Vind. Your words will sting,
Mot. If she be still chast Ile nere call her mine,
Vind. Spoke truer then you ment it,
Mot. Daughter Castiza. Cast. Madam,
Vind. O shees yonder.

Meete her: troupes of celestiall Soldiers gard her heart.
Yon dam has deuills ynough to take her part,

Cast. Madam what makes yon euill offic’d man,
In presence of you; Mot. Why?

Cast. He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the Dukes sonne
To tempt me to dishonorable Act,

Mot. Dishonorable Act? — good honorable foole,
That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And t’as a good report, pretely commended,
But pray by whome; meane people; ignorant people,
The better sort Ime sure cannot abide it,
And by what rule shoudlst we square out our liues,
But by our betters actions? oh if thou knew’st
What t’were to loose it, thou would never keepe it:
But theres a cold curse layd vpon all Maydes,
Whilst other clip the Sunne they clasp the shades!
Virginity is paradise, lockt vp.
You cannot come by your selues without fee.
And twas decreed that man should keepe the key!
Deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne,

Cast. I cry you mercy. Lady I mistooke you,
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Pray did you see my Mother; which way went you?
Pray God I haue not lost her.

_Vind._ Prittily put by.

_Moth._ Are you as proud to me as coye to him?
Doe you not know me now?

_Cast._ Why are you shee?

The worlds so changd, one shape into another,
It is a wise childe now that knowes her mother?

_Vind._ Most right ifaith.

_Mother._ I owe your cheeke my hand,
For that presumption now, but Ile forget it,
Come you shall leaue those childish hauours,
And vnderstand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a Girle?
If all feard drowning, that spye waues a shoare,
Gold would grow rich, and all the Marchants poore.

_Cast._ It is a pritty saying of a wicked one, but me thinkes now
It dos not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.

_Vind._ Faith bad inough in both,
Were I in earnest as Ile seeme no lesse?
I wonder Lady your owne mothers words,
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honestie you vrge; what's honestie?
'Tis but heauens beggar; and what woman is so foolish to
keepe honesty,
And be not able to keepe her-selfe? No,
Times are growne wiser and will keepe lesse charge,
A Maide that h'as small portion now entends,
To breake vp house, and liue vpon her friends
How blest are you, you haue happinesse alone,
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in him-selfe to make your fore-head
Dazle the world with Jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.

_Mother._ Oh if I were yong, I should be rauisht.

_Cast._ I to loose your honour.

_Vind._ Slid how can you loose your honor?
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

To deal with my Lords Grace,
Heele add more honour to it by his Title,
Your Mother will tell you how.

Mother. That I will.

Vind. O thinke vpon the pleasure of the Pallace,
Secured ease and state; the stirring meates, (their eaten,
Ready to moue out of the dishes, that e’en now quicken when
Banquets abroad by Torch-light, Musicks, sports,
Bare-headed vassailes, that had nere the fortune
To keepe on their owne Hats, but let hornes were em.
Nine Coaches waiting — hurry, hurry, hurry.

Cast. I to the Diuill.

Vind. I to the Diuill, toth’ Duke by my faith.

Moth. I to the Duke: daughter youde scorne to thinke ath’
Diuill and you were there once.

Vin. True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart ifaith
Who’d sit at home in a neglected roome,
Dealing her short-liu’d beauty to the pictures,
That are as vse-lesse as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune then her-selfe,
Walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,
Faire Medowes cut into Greene fore-parts — oh
It was the greatest blessing euer happened to women;
When Farmers sonnes agreed, and met agen,
To wash their hands, and come vp Gentlemen;
The common-wealth has flourisht euer since,
Lands that were meat by the Rod, that labors spar’d,
Taylors ride downe, and measure em by the yeard;
Faire trees, those comely fore-tops of the Field,
Are cut to maintaine head-tires — much vtold,
All theiu but Chastity, she lyes a cold,
Nay shall I come neerer to you, marke but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because ’tis the poorer
profession, that’s accounted best, thats best followed, least in
trade, least in fashion, and thats not honesty beleue it, and doe
but note the loue and delected price of it:

*Loose but a Pearle, we search and cannot Brooke it.*
*But that once gone, who is so mad to looke it.*

Mother
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Mother. Troth he sayes true.

Cast. False, I defie you both:
I haue endur’d you with an eare of fire,
Your Tongues haue struck hotte yrons on my face;
Mother, come from that poysnonous woman there.

Mother. Where?

Cast. Do you not see her, shee’s too inward then:
Slauie perish in thy office: you heauens please,
Hence­forth to make the Mother a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I’ue out­gon you. Exit.

Vind. O Angels clap your wings vpon the skyes,
And giue this Virgin Christall plaudities?

Mot. Peeuish, coy, foolish, but returne this answer,
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine owne,
Women with women can worke best alone. Exit.

Vind. Indeed Ile tell him so;
O more vncliuill, more vnnaturall,
Then those base­titled creatures that looke downe­ward,
Why do’s not heauen turne black, or with a frowne
Vndoo the world — why do’s not earth start vp,
And strike the sinnes that tread vppon’t — oh;
Wert not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,
Hell would looke like a Lords Great Kitchin without fire in’t;
But ’twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hookes to catch. at man. Exit.

Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito,

Vindicies brother.

Luss. I much applaud thy judgement, thou art well read in a fellow,
And ’tis the deepest Arte to studie man;
I know this, which I neuer learnt in schooles,
The world’s diuided into knaues and foole.

Hip. Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.

Luss. And I much thanke thee, that thou hast preferd,
A fellow of discourse — well mingled,
And whose braine Time hath seasond.

Hip. True my Lord,

D2 Wee
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

We shall finde season once I hope; — O villaine!
To make such an unnaturall slaue of me; — but —

Luss.  Masse here he comes.

Hip.  And now shall I haue free leaue to depart.

Luss.  Your absence, leaue vs.

Hip.  Are not my thoughts true?

I must remooue; but brother you may stay,
Heart, we are both made Bawdes a new-found way?  Exit.

Luss.  Now, we’re an euen number? a third mans dangerous,
Especially her brother, say, be free,
Haue I a pleasure toward.  Vind.  Oh my Lord.

Luss.  Rauish me in thine answer, art thou rare,
Hast thou beguilde her of saluation,
And rubd hell ore with hunny; is she a woman?

Vind.  In all but in Desire.

Luss.  Then shes in nothing, — I bate in courage now.

Vind.  The words I brought,
Might well haue made indifferent honest, naught,
A right good woman in these dayes is changde,
Into white money with lesse labour farre,
Many a Maide has turn’d to Mahomet,
With easier working; I durst vndertake
Vpon the pawne and forfeit of my life.
With halfe those words to flat a Puritanes wife,
But she is close and good; — yet ’tis a doubt by this time; oh
the mother, the mother?

Luss.  I neuer thought their sex had beene a wonder,
Vntill this minute? what fruite from the Mother?

Vind.  Now must I blister my soule, be forsworne,
Or shame the woman that receiu’d mee first,
I will be true, thou liu’st not to proclaime,
Spoke to a dying man, shame ha’s no shame.

My Lord.  Luss.  Whose that?

Vind.  Heres none but I my Lord.

Luss.  What would thy hast ytter?


Vind.  The Maide being dull, hauing no minde to trauell,
Into vnknowne lands, what did me I straight,
But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs,
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,

_Luss._ Ist possible that in this.
The Mother should be dambd before the daughter?

_Vin._ Oh, that’s good manners my Lord, the Mother for her
age must goe formost you know.

_Lu._ Thou’st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort.

_Vind._ In a fine place my Lord — the unnaturall mother,
Did with her tong so hard be set her honor,
That the poore foole was struck to silent wonder,
Yet still the maid like an vnlighted Taper,
Was cold and chast, saue that her Mothers breath,
Did blowe fire on her cheekes, the girle departed,
But the good antient Madam halfe mad, threwe me
These promissing words, which I tooke deeply note of;

My Lord shall be most wellcome,

_Luss._ Faith I thanke her,

_Vin._ When his pleasure conducts him this way.

_Luss._ That shall be soone ifath, _Vind._ I will sway mine owne,

_Luss._ Shee do’s the wiser I commend her fort,

_Vind._ Women with women can worke best alone,

_Luss._ By this light and so they can, giue ’em their due, men are
not comparable to ’em.

_Vind._ No thats true, for you shall haue one woman knit
more in a hower then any man can Rauell agen in seauen and
twenty yeare.

_Luss._ Now my desires are happy, Ile make ’em free-men now,
Thou art a pretious fellow, faith I loue thee,
Be wise and make it thy reuennew, beg, leg,
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?

_Vind._ Office my Lord marry if I might haue my wish I would
haue one that was neuer begd yet,

_Luss._ Nay then thou canst haue none.

_Vind._ Yes my Lord I could picke out another office yet, nay
and keepe a horse and drab vppont,

_Luss._ Prethee good bluntnes tell me.

_Vind._ Why I would desire but this my Lord, to haue all the
fees behind the _Arras_; and all the farthingales that fal plume

D3
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

about twelue a clock at night vpon the Rushes.

Luss. Thou’rt a mad apprehensiue knaue, dost thinke to make
any great purchase of that.

Vind. Oh tis an vnknowne thing my Lord, I wonder ta’s been
mist so long?

Luss. Well, this night ile visit her, and tis till then
A yeare in my desires—farwell, attend,
Trust me with thy preferment. Exit.

Vind. My lou’d Lord;
Oh shall I kill him ath wrong-side now, no!
Sword thou wast neuer a back-biter yet,
Ile peirce him to his face, he shall die, looking vpon me,
Thy veines are sweld with lust, this shall vnfill e’im,
Great men were Gods, if beggers could not kil e’im,
Forgiue me heauen, to call my mother wicked,
Oh lessen not my daies vpon the earth
I cannot honor her, by this I feare me
Her tongue has turnd my sister into vse.
I was a villaine not to be forsworne:
To this our lecherous hope, the Dukes sonne,
For Lawiers, Merchants, some diuines and all,
Count beneficiall periury a sin small,
It shall go hard yet, but ile guard her honor
And keepe the portes sure?

Hip. Brother how goes the world? I would know newes of you
But I haue newes to tell you.

Vind. What in the name of knauery?

Hipo. Knauery fayth,
This vicious old Duke’s worthily abusde
The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!

Vind. His bastard?

Hip. Pray beleue it, he and the Duchesse,
By night meete in their linnen, they haue beene seene
By staire-foote pandars!

Vind. Oh sin foule and deepe,
Great faults are winckt at when the Duke’s a sleepe,
See, see, here comes the Spurio.

Hip. Monstrous Luxur?

Vind.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Vind. Vnbro’de: two of his valiant bawdes with him.
O There’s a wicked whisper; hell is in his eare
Stay let’s obserue his passage —

Spu. Oh but are you sure on’t.

Ser. My Lord most sure on’t, for twas spoke by one,
That is most inward with the Dukes sonnes lust:
That he intends within this houre to steale,
Vnto Hippolitoes sister, whose chast life
The mother has corrupted for his vse.

Sp. Sweete word, sweete occasion, fayth then brother
Ile disinherit you in as short time,
As I was when I was begot in hast:
Ile dam you at your pleasure: pretious deed
After your lust, oh twill be fine to bleede,
Come let our passing out be soft & wary.

Exeunt.

Vi. Marke, there, there, that step, now to the Duches,
This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold
With new additions, his hornes newly reiu’d:
Night! thou that lookst like funerall Heraulds fees
Torne downe betimes ith morning, thou hangst fittly
To Grace those sins that haue no grace at all,
Now tis full sea a bed ouer the world,
Theres iugling of all sides, some that were Maides
E’en at Sun set are now perhaps ith Toale-booke,
This woman in immodest thin apparell:
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame
Cunning, mayles lether-hindges to a dore,
To auoide proclamation,
Now Cuckolds are a quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace?
And carefull sisters spinne that thread ith night,
That does maintaine them and their bawdes ith daie!

Hip. You flow well brother?

Vind. Puh I’me shallow yet,
Too sparing and too modest, shall I tell thee,
If euery trick were told thats dealt by night
There are few here that would not blush out right.

Hip. I am of that beleefe too.

Vind. Whose this comes,
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Vind. The Dukes sonne vp so late, — brother fall back,
And you shall learne, some mischeife, — my good Lord.

Luss. Piato, why the man I wisht for, come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To tast of that yong Lady? Vind. Heart, and hell.

Hip. Dambd villaine.

Vind. I ha no way now to crosse it, but to kill him.

Luss. Come only thou and I. Vin. My Lord my Lord.

Luss. Why dost thou start vs?

Vind. Ide almost forgot — the bastard! Lus. What of him?

Vind. This night, this houre — this minute, now.


Luss. Horrible word.

Vind. And like strong poyson eates,

Into the Duke your fathers fore-head. Luss. Oh.

Vind. He makes horne royall. Lus: Most ignoble slaue?

Vind. This is the fruite of two beds. Luss. I am mad.

Vind. That passage he trod warily: Luss. He did!

Vind. And husht his villaines euery step he tooke.

Luss. His villaines? ile confound them.

Vind. Take e’m finely, finely, now.

Luss. The Duchesse Chamber-doore shall not controule mee.

Hip. Good, happy, swift, there’s gunpowder ith Court, (Exeunt

Wilde fire at mid-night, in this heedlesse fury

He may show violence to crosse himselfe,

Ile follow the Euent.

Luss. Where is that villaine? Enter againe.

Vind. Softly my Lord and you may take e’m twisted.

Luss. I care not how!

Vind. Oh twill be glorious,

To kill e’m doubled, when their heapt, be soft my Lord.

Luss. Away my spleene is not so lazy, thus and thus,

Ile shake their eye-lids ope, and with my sword

Shut e’m agen for euer; — villaine, strumpet —

Duk. You vpper Guard defend vs. Duch. Treason, treason.

Duk. Oh take mee not in sleepe, I haue great sins, I must haue

Nay months deere sonne, with penitential heaues,

( daies,

To lift ’em out, and not to die vncleere,
Enter Nobles and sonnes.

Luss. I am amazde to death.

Duke. Nay villaine traytor,
Worse then the fowlest Epithite, now Ile gripe thee
Ee’n with the Nerues of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the Lawyers gard.

Enter Spurio with his villaines.

1. Noble. How comes the quiet of your Gtace disturb’d?

Duke. This boye that should be my selfe after mee,
Would be my selfe before me, and in heate
Of that ambition bloudily rush’d in
Intending to deposite me in my bed?


Dut. He cal’d his Father villaine; and me strumpet,
A word that I abhorre to file my lips with.

Ambi. That was not so well done Brother?

Luss. I am abuse — I know ther’s no excuse can do me good.

Vind. Tis now good policie to be from sight,
His vicious purpose to our sisters honour,
Is crost beyond our thought.

Hip. You little dreamt his Father slept heere.

Vind. Oh ’twas farre beyond me.
But since it fell so; — without fright-full word,
Would he had kild him, twould haue easde our swords.

Duk. Be comforted our Duchesse, he shall dye.

Luss. Where’s this slaue-pander now? out of mine eye, dissemble a flight.

Guiltie of this abuse.

Enter Spurio with his villaines.

Spu. Y’are villaines, Fablers,
You haue knaues chins, and harlots tongues, you lie,
And I will dam you with one meale a day.

1. Ser. O good my Lord!

Spu. Sbloud you shall never sup.


Spu. To let my sword — Catch cold so long and misse him.

1. Ser. Troth my Lord — Twas his intent to meete there.

Spu. Heart hee’s yonder?

Ha? what newes here? is the day out ath-socket,

E That
That it is Noone at Mid-night; the Court vp,
How comes the Guard so sawcie with his elbowes?
    \textit{Luss.} The Bastard here?
Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,
My Lord and Father heare me. \textit{Duke.} Beare him hence.
    \textit{Luss.} I can with loyaltie excuse.
\textit{Duke.} Excuse? to prison with the Villaine,
Death shall not long lag after him.
    \textit{Spu.} Good ifaith, then 'tis not much amisse,
\textit{Luss.} Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,
I pray perswade for mee.
    \textit{Ambi.} It is our duties: make your selfe sure of vs.
\textit{Sup.} Weele sweate in pleading.
    \textit{Luss.} And I may liue to thanke you. \textit{Exeunt.}
\textit{Ambi.} No, thy death shall thanke me better.
    \textit{Spu.} Hee’s gon: Ile after him,
And know his trespass, seeme to beare a part
In all his ills, but with a \textit{Puritane} heart.
    \textit{Amb.} Now brother, let our hate and loue be wouen
So subtilly together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death,
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.
    \textit{Sup.} Set on, Ile not be farre behinde you brother.
\textit{Duke.} Ist possible a sonne should bee disobedient as farre as
the sword: it is the highest he can goe no farther.
    \textit{Ambi.} My gratious Lord, take pitty, — \textit{Duke.} Pitty boyes?
\textit{Amb.} Nay weed be loth to mooue your Grace too much,
Wee know the trespass is vnpardonable,
Black, wicked, and vnnaturall,
    \textit{Sup.} In a Sonne, oh Monstrous.
\textit{Ambi.} Yet my Lord,
A Dukes soft hand stroakes the rough head of law,
And makes it lye smooth. \textit{Duk.} But my hand shall nere doot.
    \textit{Amb.} That as you please my Lord.
\textit{Super.} Wee must needs confesse,
Some father would haue enterd into hate,
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,
Hee would ha seene the execution sound,
Without corrupted fauour?

   Amb. But my Lord,
Your Grace may liue the wonder of all times,
In pardning that offence which neuer yet
Had face to beg a pardon.  Duke.  Hunny, how’s this?
   Amb. Forgiue him good my Lord, hees your owne sonne,
And I must needs say ’twas the vildlier done.
   Superv. Hee’s the next heire — yet this true reason gathers,
None can possesse that dispossesse their fathers:
Be mercifull; —

   Duke. Here’s no Step-mothers-wit,
Ile trie ’em both vpon their loue and hate.

   Amb. Be mercifull — altho —  Duke. You haue preuaild,
My wrath like flaming waxe hath spent it selfe,
I know ’twas but some peeuish Moone in him: goe, let him bee

   Superv. Sfoote how now Brother?

   Amb. Your Grace doth please to speake beside your spleene,
I would it were so happy?  Duke. Why goe, release him.

   Superv. O my good Lord, I know the fault’s too weighty,
And full of generall loathing; too inhumaine,
Rather by all mens voyces worthy death.

   Duke. Tis true too; here then, receiue this signet, doome shall
Direct it to the Iudges, he shall dye 
   (passe,
Ere many dayes, make hast.

   Amb. All speed that may be,
We could haue wisht his burthen not so sore,
We knew your Grace did but delay before.

   Duke. Here’s Enuie with a poore thin couer or’t,
Like Scarlet hid in lawne, easily spide through,
This their ambition by the Mothers side,
Is dangerous, and for safetie must be purgd,
I will preuent their enuies, sure it was
But some mistaken furie in our sonne,
Which these aspiring boyes would climbe vpon:
He shall bee releasde suddainly.  

   Enter Nobles.

  1. Nob. Good morning to your Grace.
   Duke. Welcome my Lords.
  2. Nob. Our knees shall take away the office of our feete for
THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Vnlesse your Grace bestow a fathers eye,  
Vpon the Clouded fortunes of your sonne,  
And in compassionate vertue grant him that,  
Which makes e’en meane men happy; liberty  
Duk.   How seriously their loues and honors woo  
For that, which I am about to pray them doo  
Which, rise my Lords, your knees signe his release,  
We freely pardon him.  

1. Nob.   We owe your Grace much thankes, and he much duety.  
Duk.   It well becomes that Iudge to nod at crimes,        (Exeunt.  
That dos commit greater himselfe and liues:  
I may forgieue a disobedient error,  
That expect pardon for adultery  
And in my old daies am a youth in lust:  
Many a beauty haue I turnd to poyson  
In the deniall, couetous of all,  
Age hot, is like a Monster to be seene:  
My hairies are white, and yet my sinnes are Greene.

ACT. 3.  

Enter Ambitioso, and Superuacuo?  
Sup.   Brother, let my opinion sway you once,  
I speake it for the best, to haue him die:  
Surest and soonest, if the signet come,  
Vnto the judges hands, why then his doome,  
Will be deferred till sittings and Court-daies:  
Iuries and further, — Fayths are bought and sold,  
Oths in these daies are but the skin of gold.  
Amb.   In troth tis true too!  
Super.   Then lets set by the Iudges  
And fall to the Officers, tis but mistaking  
The Duke our fathers meaning, and where he nam’d,  
Ere many daies, tis but forgetting that  
And, haue him die i’th morning.  
Amb.   Excellent,  
Then am I heire — Duke in a minute.  
Super.   Nay,  
And he were once pufft out, here is a pinne.  

Should
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

Enter with the Nobles, Lussurioso from pryson.

Luss. My Lords? I am so much indebted to your loyes,
For this, O this deliuerie.

1. Nob. But our dueties, my Lord, vnto the hopes that growe

Luss. If ere I liue to be my selfe ile thanke you, (in you,
O liberty thou sweete and heauenly Dame;
But hell for pryson is too milde a name. Exeunt.

Enter Ambitioso, and Superuacuo? with Officers.

Am. Officers? heres the Dukes signet, your firme warrant,
Brings the command of present death a long with it
Vnto our brother, the Dukes sonne; we are sory,
That we are so vnnaturally employde
In such an vnkinde Office, fitter farre
For enemies then brothers.

Super. But you know,
The Dukes command must be obayde.

1. Offi. It must and shal my Lord — this morning then,

So suddainely?

Am. I alassee poore-good-soule,
Hee must breake fast betimes, the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

2. Offi. Already?

E3

Super.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

Sup. Already ifath, O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least Impudent, soonest dyes,

1. Off. Troth you say true my Lord we take our leaues,
Our Office shall be sound, weele not delay,
The third part of a minute.

Amb. Therein you showe.
Your selues good men, and vpright officers,
Pray let him die as priuat as he may,
Doe him that fauour, for the gaping people.
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse, and sweare, and so die black.
Will you be so far Kind?

1. Off. It shall be done my Lord.
Amb. Why we do thanke you, if we liue to be,
You shall haue a better office,

2. Off. Your good Lord-shippe,
Sup. Commend vs to the scaffold in our teares.

Amb. Fine fooles in office!    Sup. Things fall out so fit.
Amb. So happily, come brother ere next clock,
His head will be made serue a bigger block.

Enter in prison Iunior Brother,

Iuni. No newes lately from our brothers?

Are they vnmindfull of vs?    (from ’em,
Keep. My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this
Iuni. Nothing but paper comforts?
I look’d for my deliuyer before this,
Had they bee wort their oths — prethee be from vs.
Now what say you forsooth, speake out I pray,

Letter.    Brother be of good cheere,
Slud it begins like a whore with good cheere,
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.

Not fiue and thirty yeare like a banqrot, I thinke so,

We haue thought vpon a deuice to get thee out by a tricke!
By a tricke, pox a your tricke and it be so long a playing.
And so rest comforted, be merry and expect it suddaynely!
Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, Ile be mad!

ist
Ist not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman, well, wee shall see how suddeaine our brothers: will bee in their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not bee long a prisoner, how now, what newes?

Keeper.  Bad newes my Lord I am discharg’d of you.

Juni.  Slaue calst thou that bad newes, I thanke you brothers.

Keep.  My Lord twill proue so, here come the Officers,

Into whose hands I must commit you.

Juni.  Ha, Officers, what, why?

1. Offi.  You must pardon vs my Lord,

Our Office must be sound, here is our warrant

The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.

Juni.  Suffer? ile suffer you to be gon, ile suffer you,
To come no more, what would you haue me suffer?

2. Offi.  My Lord those words were better chang’d to praiers,
The times but breife with you, prepare to die.

Juni.  Sure tis not so.  3. Offi.  It is too true my Lord.

Juni.  I tell you tis not, for the Duke my father,
Deferd me till next sitting, and I looke

E’en euery minute threescore times an houre,
For a release, a tricke wrought by my brothers.

1. Offi.  A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,

Your hopes as fruitlesse as a barren woman:

Your brothers were the vnhappy messengers,
That brought this powerfull token for your death.

Juni.  My brothers, no, no.

2. Offi.  Tis most true my Lord.

Juni.  My brothers to bring a warrant for my death

How strange this showes?

3. Offi.  There’s no delaying time.

Juni.  Desire e’m hether, call e’m vp, my brothers?

They shall deny it to your faces.

1. Offi.  My Lord,

They’re far ynough by this, at least at Court,

And this most strickt command they left behinde e’m,

When griefe swum in their eyes, they show’d like brothers,

Brim-full of heauy sorrow: but the Duke

Must haue his pleasure.  Juni.  His pleasure?

1. Offi.
THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

1. Off. These were their last words which my memory beares,
Commend vs to the Scaffold in our teares.

Injun. Pox drye their teares, what should I do with teares?
I hate em worse then any Citizens sonne
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stinted yet,
Would lde beene torne in pieces when I tore it,
Looke you officious whoresons words of comfort,
Not long a Prisoner.

1. Off. It sayes true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

Injun. A villanous Duns, vpion the letter knauish exposition,
Looke you then here sir: Weele get thee out by a trick sayes hee.

2. Off. That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is commonly foure Cardes, which was meant by vs foure officers.

Injun. Worse and worse dealing.

1. Off. The houre beckens vs,
The heads-man waites, lift vp your eyes to heauen.

Injun. I thank you faith; good pritty-holsome counsell,
I should looke vp to heauen as you sedd,
Whilst he behinde me cozens me of my head,
I thats the Trick. 3. Off. You delay too long my Lord.

Injun. Stay good Authorities Bastards, since I must
Through Brothers periurie dye, O let me venome
Their soules with curses. 1. Off. Come tis no time to curse.

Injun. Must I bleed then, without respect of signe? well —
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approoues,
I dye for that which euery woman loues.

Enter Vindici with Hippolito his brother.

Vind. O sweete, delectable, rare, happy, rauishing,

Hip. Why what’s the matter brother?

Vin. O tis able, to make a man spring vp, & knock his for-head
Against yon siluar seeling.

Hip. Pre-thee tell mee,
Why may not I pertake with you? you vowde once
To giue me share to euery tragick thought.

Vind. Byth’ Masse I thinke I did too,
Then Ile diuide it to thee, — the old Duke
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

Exeunt.
Are cut out of one peice; (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands ath out side) hires me by price:
To greet him with a Lady,
In some fit place vaylde from the eyes ath Court,
Some darkned blushlesse Angle, that is guilty
Of his fore-fathers lusts, and great-folkes riots,
To which (I easily to maintaine my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meete her here in this vn-sunned-lodge,
Where-in tis night at noone, and here the rather,
Because vnto the torturing of his soule,
The Bastard and the Duchesse haue appoynted
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

_Hip._ Twill yfaith, most dreadfully digested,
I see not how you could haue mist me brother.

_Vind._ True, but the violence of my ioy forgot it.

_Hip._ I, but where’s that Lady now?

_Vind._ Oh at that word,
I’me lost againe, you cannot finde me yet
I’me in a throng of happy Apprehensions.
Hee’s suted for a Lady, I haue tooke care
For a delitious lip, a sparkling eye,
You shall be witnesse brother;
Be ready stand with your hat off.

_Exit._

_Hip._ Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?
Yet tis no wonder, now I thinke againe,
To haue a Lady stoope to a Duke, that stoopes vnto his men,
Tis common to be common, through the world:
And there’s more priuate common shadowing vices,
Then those who are knowne both by their names and prices
Tis part of my alleagance to stand bare,
To the Dukes Concubine, — and here she comes.

_Enter Vindice, with the skull of his loue drest vp in Tires.

_Vind._ Madame his grace will not be absent long.
Secret? nere doubt vs Madame? twill be worth
Three veluet gownes to your Ladyship — knowne?

_F_
Few Ladies respect that? disgrace, a poore thin shell,
Tis the best grace you haue to do it well,
Ile saue your hand that labour, ile vnmaske you?
    Hip. Why brother, brother.
    Vind. Art thou beguild now? tut, a Lady can,
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,
Haue I not fitted the old surfetter
With a quaint peice of beauty, age and bare bone
Are ere allied in action; here’s an eye,
Able to tempt a greatman — to serue God,
A prety hanging lip, that has for got got now to dissemble
Me thinkes this mouth should make a swearer tremble.
A drunckard claspe his teeth, and not vndo e’r,
To suffer wet damnation to run through e’m.
Heres a cheeke keepes her colour let the winde go whistle,
Spout Raine, we feare thee not, be hot or cold
Alls one with vs; and is not he absur’d,
Whose fortunes are ypon their faces set,
That feare no other God but winde and wet.
    Hip. Brother y’aue spoke that right,
Is this the forme that liuing shone so bright?
    Vind. The very same,
And now me thinkes I cold e’en chide my selfe,
For doating on her beauty, tho her death
Shall be reuengd after no common action;
Do’s the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee dos she vndoe herselue?
Are Lord-ships sold to maintaine Lady-ships
For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why dos yon fellow falsify hie-waies
And put his life betweene the Iudges lippes,
To refine such a thing, keepes horse and men
To beate their valours for her?
Surely we’re all mad people, and they
Whome we thinke are, are not, we mistake those,
Tis we are mad in scence, they but in clothes.
    Hip. Faith and in clothes too we, giue vs our due.
    Vind. Dos euery proud and selfe-affecting Dame

Camphire
Camphire her face for this? and grieue her Maker
In sinfull baths of milke, — when many an infant starues,
For her superfluous out-side, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates, all are husht,
Thou maist lie chast now! it were fine me thinkes:
To haue thee scene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,
And vncleane Brothells; sure twould fright the sinner
And make him a good coward, put a Reueller,
Out off his Antick amble
And cloye an Epicure with empty dishes?
Here might a scornefull and ambitious woman,
Looke through and through her selfe, — see Ladies, with false
You deceiue men, but cannot deceiue worms. (formes,
Now to my tragick businesse, looke you brother,
I haue not fashiond this onely — for show
And vselesse property, no, it shall beare a part
E’en in it owne Reuenge. This very skull,
Whose Mistris the Duke poysoned, with this drug
The mortall curse of the earth; shall be reuengd
In the like straine, and kisse his lippes to death,
As much as the dumbe thing can, he shall feele:
What fayles in poyson, weele supply in steele.

[Hip.  ] Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintnesse of thy malice aboue thought.
[Vind.  ] So tis layde on: now come and welcome Duke,
I haue her for thee, I protest it brother:
Me thinkes she makes almost as faire a sine
As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?
Hide thy face now for shame, thou hast neede haue a Maske
Tis vaine when beauty flowes, but when it fleetes
This would become graues better then the streetes.

[Hip.  ] You haue my voice in that; harke, the Duke’s come.
[Vind.  ] Peace, let’s obserue what company he brings,
And how he dos absent e’im, for you knowe
Heele wish all priuate, — brother fall you back a little,
With the bony Lady.   [Hip.  ] That I will.

[Vind.  ] So, so, — now 9. years vengeance crowde into a minute!

F2

Duke
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Duk. You shall haue leaue to leaue vs, with this charge,
Vpon your liues, if we be mist by’th Duchesse
Or any of the Nobles, to giue out,
We’re priuately rid forth.  Vind  Oh happinesse!
Duk  With some few honorable gentlemen you may say,
You may name those that are away from Court.
Gentle.  Your will and pleasure shall be done my Lord.
Vind.  Priuatly rid forth,
He striues to make sure worke on’t — your good grace?
Duk.  Piato, well done hast brought her, what Lady ist?
Vind.  Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little bashfull at first
as most of them are, but after the first kisse my Lord the worst is
past with them, your grace knowes now what you haue to doo;
sha’s some­what a graue looke with her — but —
Duk.  I loue that best, conduct her.
Vind.  Haue at all.
Duk.  In grauest lookes the Greatest faultes seeme lesse
Gieue me that sin thats rob’d in Holines.
Vind.  Back with the Torch; brother raise the perfumes.
Duk.  How sweete can a Duke breath? age has no fault,
Pleasure should meete in a perfumed mist,
Lady sweetely encountred, I came from Court I must bee bould
with you, oh, what’s this, oh!
Vind.  royall villaine, white diuill;  Duke.  Oh.
Vind.  Brother — place the Torch here, that his affrighted eye-
May start into those hollowes, Duke; dost knowe  (balls
Yon dreadfull vizard, view it well, tis the skull
Of Gloriana, whom thou poysonedst last.
Duk.  Oh, tas poysoned me.
Vind.  Didst not know that till now?
Duk.  What are you two?
Vind.  Villaines all three? — the very ragged bone,
Has beene sufficiently reuengd.
Duk.  Oh Hippolito? call treason.
Hip.  Yes my good Lord, treason, treason, treason.  stamping
Duk.  Then I’m betrayde.  on him.
Vind.  Alasse poore Lecher in the hands of knaues,
A slauish Duke is baser then his slaues.

Duke.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.


Hip. I thinke but few.

Vin. Then those that did eate are eaten. Duk. O my tongue.

Vind. Your tongue? twill teach you to kisse closer;

Not like a Flobering Dutchman, you haue eyes still:

Looke monster, what a Lady hast thou made me,
My once bethrothed wife.

Duk. Is it thou villaine, nay then —

Vind. T’is I, ’tis Vindici, tis I.

Hip. And let this comfort thee: our Lord and Father

Fell sick vpon the infection of thy frownes,

And dyed in sadnesse; be that thy hope of life. Duke. Oh?

Vind. He had his toung, yet greefe made him die speechlesse.

Puh, tis but early yet, now ile begin

To stick thy soule with Vlcers, I will make

Thy spirit griuous sore, it shall not rest,

But like some pestilent man tosse in thy brest— (marke me duke)

Thou’rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold. Duke. Oh!

Vind. Thy bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy browe.

Duke. Millions of deaths.

Vind. Nay to afflict thee more,

Here in this lodge they meete for damned clips,

Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villaines? Vind. Villaine?

Nay heauen is iust, scornes are the hires of scornes,

I nere knew yet Adulterer with­out homes.

Hip. Once ere they dye ’tis quitted.

Vind. Harke the musick,

Their banquet is preparde, they’re comming —

Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.

Vin. Thou shalt not loose that sight for all thy Duke-doome.

Duke. Traytors, murderers?

Vin. What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?

Then weele inuent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,

Duke. Treason, murther?

Vind. Nay faith, weele haue you husht now with thy dagger

Naile downe his tongue, and mine shall keepe possession

About his heart, if hee but gaspe hee dyes,
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Wee dread not death to quittance injuries; — Brother,
If he but winck, not brooking the foule obiect,
Let our two other hands teare vp his lids,
And make his eyes like Comets shine through bloud,
When the bad bleedes, then is the Tragedie good,
  
  Hip.  Whist, brother, musick’s at our eare, they come.
  
  Enter the Bastard meeting the Dutchesse.

  Spu.  Had not that kisse a taste of sinne ’twere sweete.
  
  Dutch.  Why there’s no pleasure sweet but it is sinfull.

  Spu.  True, such a bitter sweetnesse fate hath giuen,
Best side to vs, is the worst side to heauen.

  Dutch.  Push, come: ’tis the old Duke thy doubtfull Father,
The thought of him rubs heauen in thy way,
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or ile poyson him.

  Spu.  Madam, you vrge a thought which nere had life,
So deadly doe I loath him for my birth,
That if hee tooke mee haspt within his bed,
I would adde murther to adultery,
And with my sword giue vp his yeares to death.

  Dutch.  Why now thou’rt sociable, lets in and feast,
Lowdst Musick sound: pleasure is Banquets guest.  
Exeunt.

  Duk.  I cannot brooke —  Vind.  The Brooke is turnd to bloud.
  
  Hip.  Thanks to lowd Musick.  Vind.  Twas our friend indeed,
’Tis state in Musicke for a Duke to bleed:
The Duke­dome wants a head, tho yet vnknowne,
As fast as they peepe vp, lets cut ’em downe.

  Enter the Dutchesse two sonnes, Ambitioso & Supervacuo.

  Amb.  Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the Dukes sonnes now.

  Super.  I you may thanke my policie for that.
  
  Amb.  Your policie, for what?
  
  Super.  Why wast not my inuention brother,
To slip the Iudges, and in lesser compasse,
Did not I draw the modell of his death,
Aduizing you to suddaine officers,
And een extemporall execution.

  Amb.  Heart, twas a thing I thought on too.

  Super.
THE ERVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Sup. You thought ont too, sfoote slander not your thoughts 
With glorious vntruth, I know twas from you. 
Amb. Sir I say, twas in my head. 
Spu. I, like your braines then, 
Nere to come out as long as you liu’d. 
Amb. You’d haue the honor on’t forsooth, that your wit 
Lead him to the scaffold, 
Super. Since it is my due, 
Ile publisht, but Ile ha’t in spite of you. 
Amb. Me thinkes y’are much too bould, you should a little 
Remember vs brother, next to be honest Duke. 
Sup. I, it shall be as easie for you to be Duke, 
As to be honest, and that’s neuer ifaith. 
Amb. Well, cold he is by this time, and because 
Wee’re both ambitious, be it our amity, 
And let the glory be sharde equally. Sup. I am content to that. 
Amb. This night out yonger brother shall out of prison, 
I haue a trick. Sup. A trick, pre-thee what ist? 
Amb. Weele get him out by a wile. Sup. Pre-thee what wile? 
Amb. No sir, you shall not know it, till’t be done, 
For then you’d sweare twere yours. 
Super. Desired newes. Amb. How now my friend? 
Off. My Lords, vnder your pardon, I am allotted 
To that desertlesse office, to present you 
With the yet bleeding head. Sup. Ha, ha, excellent. 
Amb. All’s sure our owne: Brother, canst weep thee thinkst thou? 
Twould grace our Flattery much; thinke of some Dame, 
Twill teach thee to dissemble. 
Sup. I haue thought, — Now for your selfe. 
Amb. Our sorrowes are so fluent, 
Our eyes ore-flow our toungs, words spoake in teares, 
Are like the murmures of the waters, the sound 
Is lowdly heard, but cannot be distinguisht. 
Super. He dyed most valiantly then, we’re glad to heare it. 
Off. We could not woe him once to pray. (due. 
Amb. He showed himselfe a Gentleman in that; giue him his 

Off. But
**THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.**

*Off.* But in the steed of prayer, he drew forth oaths.

*Super.* Then did hee pray deere heart,

Although you understood him not.

*Offi.* My Lords,

E’en at his last, with pardon bee it spoake,

Hee curst you both.

*Sup.* Hee curst vs? lasse good soule.

*Amb.* It was not in our powers, but the Dukes pleasure,

Finely dissembled a both-sides, sweete fate,

O happy opportunitie.

*Enter Lussurioso.*

*Luss.* Now my Lords. *Both.* Oh! —

*Luss.* Why doe you shunne mee Brothers?

You may come neerer now;

The sauor of the prison has for-sooke mee,

I thanke such kinde Lords as your selues, Ime free.

*Amb.* Aliue! *Super.* In health!

*Amb.* Releasd?

We were both ee’n amazd with ioy to see it,

*Luss.* I am much to thanke you.

*Sup.* Faith we spar’d no toung, vnto my Lord the Duke.

*Amb.* I know your deliuery brother

Had not beene halfe so sudden but for vs.

*Sup.* O how we pleaded. *Luss.* Most deseruing brothers,

In my best studies I will thinke of it? *Exit Luss.*

*Amb.* O death and vengeance. *Sup.* Hell and tormentes.

*Amb.* Slauie camst thou to delude vs. *Off.* Delude you my

Sup.* I villaine, where’s this head now? (Lords?

*Off.* Why heere my Lord,

Iust after his deliuery, you both came

With warrant from the Duke to be-head your brother.

*Amb.* I, our brother, the Dukes sonne.

*Off.* The Dukes sonne my Lord, had his release before you

*Amb.* Whose head’s that then? (came.

*Off.* His whom you left command for, your owne brothers?

*Amb.* Our brothers? oh furies —

*Sup.* Plagues. *Amb.* Confusions.

*Sup.* Darkenesse. *Amb.* Diuils.

*Sup.* Fell it out so accursedly? *Amb.* So damnedly.

*Super.*
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Sup. Villaine Ile braine thee with it,    Off. O my good Lord!
Sup. O prodigious to our blouds.    Amb. Did we dissemble?
Sup. Did we make our teares woemen for thee?
Amb. Laugh and reioyce for thee.
Sup. Bring warrant for thy death.    Amb. Mock off thy head
Super. You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.
Amb. A murren meete ’em, there’s none of these wiles that
euer come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortalite,
but mortalitie, well, no more words shalt be reuengd ifaith.
Come, throw off clouds now brother, thinke of vengeance,
And deeper setled hate, sirrah sit fast,
Weele pull downe all, but thou shalt downe at last.    Exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 1.

Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito.

Luss. Hippolito.    Hip. My Lord:
Has your good Lordship ought to command me in?
Luss. I pre-thee leaue vs.
Hip. Your honor — I stand ready for any dutious empleiment.
Luss. Heart, what makst thou here?
Hip. A pritty Lordly humor:    (honor?
He bids me to bee present, to depart; some-thing has stung his
Luss. Bee neerer, draw neerer:
Ye’are not so good me thinkes, Ime angry with you.
Hip. With me my Lord? Ime angry with my selfe fort.
Luss. You did preferre a goodly fellow to me,
Twas wittily elected, twas, I thought
Had beene a villaine, and he prooues a Knaue?
To mee a Knaue.
    Hip. I chose him for the best my Lord,
Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.
    Luss. Neglect, twas will: ludge of it,
Firmely to tell of an incredible Act,
Not to be thought, lesse to be spoken of,
Twixt my Step-mother and the Bastard, oh,
Incestuous sweetes betweene ’em.

G

Hip Fye
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

Hip. Fye my Lord.

Lus. I in kinde loyaltie to my fathers fore-head,
Made this a desperare arme, and in that furie,
Committed treason on the lawfull bed,
And with my sword een rac’d my fathers bosome,
For which I was within a stroake of death.

Hip. Alack, Ime sorry; soothe iust vpon the stroake,
Iars in my brother, twill be villanous Musick.


Luss. Away pre-thee forsake vs, heereafter weele not know
Vind. Not know me my Lord, your Lorship cannot choose.

Lus Begon I say, thou art a false knaue.

Vind. Why the easier to be knowne, my Lord.

Lus. Push, I shall prooue too bitter with a word,
Make thee a perpetuall prisoner,
And laye this yron-age vpon thee,

Vind. Mum, for theres a doome would make a woman dum,
Missing the bastard next him, the winde’s comes about,
Now tis my brothers turne to stay mine to goe out. Exit Vin.

Lus. Has greatly mou’d me. Hip. Much to blame ifaith.

Lus. But ile recouer, to his ruine: twas told me lately,
I know not whether falslie, that you’d a brother,

Hip. Who I, yes my good Lord, I haue a brother

Lus. How chance the Court neere saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his houres?

Hip. Faith to curse Fates,
Who, as he thinkes, ordaind him to be poore,
Keepes at home full of want, and discontent.

Lus There’s hope in him, for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mould, a villaine off;

Hippolito, wish him repaire to vs,
If there be ought in him to please our bloud,
For thy sake weele advance him, and build faire
His meanest fortunes: for it is in vs
To reare vp Towers from cottages.

Hip. It is so my Lord, he will attend your honour,
But hees a man, in whom much melancholy dwels.

Lus. Why the better: bring him to Court.


Hip.
THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

Hip. With willingness and speed,
Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed,
Brother disguise must off,
In thine owne shape now, ile prefer thee to him:
How strangely does himselfe worke to vndo him.

Exit.

Luss. This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,
That other slaue, that did abuse my spleene,
And made it swell to Treason, I haue put
Much of my heart into him, hee must dye.
He that knowes great mens secrets and proues slight,
That man nere liues to see his Beard turne white:
I he shall speede him: Ile employ thee brother,
Slaues are but Nayles, to driue out one another?
Hee being of black condition, sutable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grinde him to an Edge — The Nobles enter.

1. Good dayes vnto your honour.
Luss. My kinde Lords, I do returne the like,
2. Sawe you my Lord the Duke?
Luss. My Lord and Father, is he from Court?
1. Hees sure from Court,
But where, which way, his pleasure tooke we know not,
Nor can wee heare ont.
Luss. Here come those should tell,
Sawe you my Lord and Father?
3. Not since two houres before noone my Lord,
And then he priuately ridde forth.
Lus. Oh hees rod forth.
1. Twas wondrous priuately,
2. Theres none ith Court had any knowledge ont.
Lus. His Grace is old, and sudden, tis no treason
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,
Or such a Toye about him; what in vs
Would appeare light, in him seemes vertuous.
3. Tis Oracle my Lord.

G2

Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vind. out of his disguise.

Hip. So, so, all’s as it should be, y’are your selfe.

Vind. How that great-villaine puts me to my shifts.

Hip.
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

**Hip.** Hee that did lately in disguise reject thee;
Shall now thou art thy selfe, as much respect thee.

**Vind.** Twill be the quainter fallacie; but brother,
Sfooe what vse will hee put me to now thinkst thou?

**Hip.** Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not:
H’as some employment for you: but what tis
Hee and his Secretary the Diuell knowes best.

**Vind.** Well I must suite my toung to his desires,
What colour so ere they be; hoping at last
To pile vp all my wishes on his brest,

**Hip.** Faith Brother he himselfe showes the way.

**Vind.** Now the Duke is dead, the realme is clad in claye:
His death being not yet knowne, vnder his name
The people still are gouernd; well, thou his sonne
Art not long-liu’d, thou shalt not ioy his death:
To kill thee then, I should most honour thee;
For twould stand firme in euery mans believe,
Thou’st a kinde child, and onely dyedst with griefe.

**Hip.** You fetch about well, but lets talke in present,
How will you appeare in fashion different,
As well as in apparrell, to make all things possible:
If you be but once tript, wee fall for euer.
It is not the least pollicie to bee doubtfull,
You must change tongue: — familiar was your first.

**Vind.** Why Ile beare me in some straine of melancholie,
And string my selfe with heauy—sounding Wyre,
Like such an Instrument, that speakes merry things sadly.

**Hip.** Then tis as I meant,
I gaue you out at first in discontent.

**Vind.** Ile turne my selfe, and then —

**Hip.** Sfooe here he comes: hast thought vppont.

**Vind.** Salute him, feare not me. **Luss.** Hippolito.

**Hip.** Your Lordship. **Luss.** What’s he yonder?

**Hip.** Tis **Vindici**, my discontented Brother,
Whom, cording to your will l’aue brought to Court.

**Luss.** Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,
I wonder h’as beene from the Court so long?
Come neerer.

**Hip.** Brother
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.


Luss.  Be more neere to vs, welcome, neerer yet.


Luss.  We thanke thee?

Vind.  Why, going to Law.

Luss.  Why will that make a man mellancholy?

Vind.  Yes, to looke long vpon inck and black buckrom — I went mee to law in Anno Quadragesimo secundo, and I waded out of it, in Anno sextagesimo tertio.

Luss.  What, three and twenty years in law?

Vind.  I haue knowne those that haue beene fiue and fifty and, all about Pullin and Pigges.

Luss.  May it bee possible such men should breath, To vex the Tearmes so much.  Vin.  Tis foode to some my Lord. There are olde men at the present, that are so poysioned with the affectiō of law-words, (hauing had many suites canuast,) that their common talke is nothing but Barbery lattin: they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sinnes may be remou’d, with a writ of Error, and their soules fetcht vp to heauen, with a sasarara.

Hip.  It seemes most strange to me,

Vin.  Study? why to thinke how a great rich man lies a dying, and a poore Cobler toales the bell for him? how he cannot de-part the world, and see the great chest-stand before him, when hee lies speechlesse, how hee will point you readily to all the boxes, and when hee is past all memory, as the gosseps gesse, then thinkes hee of forfetures and obligations, nay when to all mens hearings he whurles and rotles in the throate hee’s bussie threatening his poore Tennants? and this would last me now some seauen yeares thinking or there abouts? but, I haue a conceit
Conceit a comming in picture vpon this, I drawe it my selfe,
which ifaith la Ile present to your honor, you shall not chose
but like it for your Lordship shall giue me nothing for it,

_Luss._ Nay you misstake me then,
For I am publisht bountifull inough,
Lets tast of your conceit.

_Vin._ In picture my Lord.  _Luss._ I in picture,

_Vin._ Marry this it is — A vsuring Father to be boyling in hell,
_and his sonne and Heire with a Whore dancing over him._

_Hip._ Has par’d him to the quicke.

_Lus._ The conceit’s pritty ifaith,
But tak’t vpon my life twill nere be likt.

_Vind._ No, why Ime sure the whore will be likt well enough.

_Hip._ I if she were out ath picture heede like her then himselfe.

_Vin._ And as for the sonne and heire, he shall be an eyesore to
no young Reuellers, for hee shall bee drawne in cloth of gold
breeches.

_Luss._ And thou hast put my meaning in the **pockets**,  
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this,
To see the picture of a vsuring father
Boyling in hell, our richmen would nere like it,

_Vin._ O true I cry you heartly mercy I **know** the reason, for
some of’em had rather be dambd indeed, thé dambd in colours.

_Lus._ A parlous melancholy, has wit enough,
To murder any man, and Ile giue him meanes,
I thinke thou art ill monied;

_Vin._ Money, ho, ho,
Tas beene my want so long, tis now my scoffe.
Iue ene forgot what colour siluers off,

_Lus._ It hits as I could wish,  _Vin._ I get good cloths,
Of those that dread my humour, and for table-roome,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,

_Lus._ Somewhat to set thee vp withall,

_Vin._ O mine eyes,  _Lus._ How now man.

_Vin._ Almost strucke blind,
This bright vnusuall shine, to me seemes proud,
I dare not looke till the sunne be in a cloud,

_Lus._ I thinke I shall afecte his melancholy,
How are they now.  

Vin.  The better for your asking.

Lus.  You shall be better yet if you but fasten,

Truly on my intent, now yare both present

I will vnbrace such a clouse priuate villayne,

Vnto your vengfull swords, the like nere heard of,

Who hath disgrac’d you much and iniur’d vs,

Hip.  Disgraced vs my Lord?  

Lus.  I Hippolito.

I kept it here till now that both your angers,

Might meete him at once.

Vin.  Ime couetuous,

To know the villayne,

Lus.  You know him that slaue Pandar,

Piato whom we threatened last

With irons in perpetuall prisonment;

Vin.  All this is I.  Hip.  Ist he my Lord?

Lus.  Ile tell you, you first preferd him to me.

Vin.  Did you brother.  Hip.  I did indeed?

Lus.  And the ingreatfull villayne,

To quit that kindnes, strongly wrought with me,

Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,

With iewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

Hip.  Oh villaine,  Vin.  He shall furely die that did it.

Lus.  I far from thinking any Virgin harme.

Especially knowing her to be as chast

As that part which scarce suffers to be toucht,

Th’ eye would not endure him,

Vin.  Would you not my Lord,

Twas wondrous honorably donne,

Lus.  But with some fiue frownes kept him out,

Vin.  Out slaue.

Lus.  What did me he but in reuenge of that,

Went of his owne free will to make infirme,

Your sisters honor, whome I honor with my soule,

For chast respect, and not preuaning there,

(As twas but desperate folly to attempt it.)

In meere spleene, by the way, way laies your mother,

Whose honor being a coward as it seemses.

Yeeled
Yeelded by little force. *Vind.* Coward indeed.

*Luss.* He proud of their aduantage, (as he thought)

Brought me these newes for happy, but I, heauen forgiue mee

*Vind.* What did your honour.  

*Luss.* In rage pusht him from mee.

Trampled beneath his throate, spurnd him, and bruizd:

Indeed I was too cruell to say troth.

*Hip.* Most Nobly managde.

*Vind.* Has not heauen an eare? Is all the lightning wasted?

*Luss.* If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,

What should you be?

*Vind.* Full mad, he shall not liue

To see the Moone change.

*Luss.* He’s about the Pallace,

*Hippolito* intice him this way, that thy brother

May take full marke of him.

*Hip.* Heart? — that shall not neede my Lord,

I can direct him so far.

*Luss.* Yet for my hates sake,

Go, winde him this way? ile see him bleede my selfe.

*Hip.* What now brother?

*Vind.* Nay e’en what you will — y’are put to’t brother?

*Hip.* An impossible taske, Ile sweare,

To bring him hither, thats already here.  

*Exit Hippo.*


*Luss.* Tis a good name that.  *Vind.* I, a Reuenger.

*Luss.* It dos betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,

And kill thine enemies.  *Vind.* Thats my hope my Lord.

*Luss.* This slaue is one.  *Vind.* Ile doome him.

*Luss.* Then ile praise thee?

Do thou obserue me best, and ile best raise thee.  

*Enter. Hip.*

*Vind.* Indeed, I thanke you.

*Luss.* Now *Hippolito*, where’s the slaue Pandar?

*Hip.* Your good Lordship,

Would haue a loathsome sight of him, much offensiuue?

Hee’s not in case now to be seene my Lord,

The worst of all the deadly sinnes is in him:

That beggerly damnation, drunkennesse.

*Luss.*
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Luss. Then he’s a double-slaue.

Vind. Twas well conuaide, vpon a suddaine wit.

Luss. What, are you both, Firmely resolud, ile see him dead my selfe.

Vind. Or else, let not vs liue.

Luss. You may direct your brother to take note of him.

Hip. I shall.

Luss. Rise but in this, and you shall neuer fall.

Vind. Your honours Vassayles.

Luss. This was wisely carried, Deepe policie in vs, makes fooles of such:

Then must a slaue die, when he knowes too much. Exi. Luss.

Vind. O thou almighty patience, tis my wonder,

That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,

Should not be clouen as he stood:

Or with a secret winde burst open!

Is there no thunder left, or ist kept vp

In stock for heauier vengeance, there it goes!

Hip. Brother we loose our selues?

Vind. But I haue found it,

Twill hold, tis sure, thankes, thankes to any spirit,

That mingled it mongst my inuentions.

Hip. What ist?

Vind. Tis sound, and good, thou shalt pertake it,

I’me hir’d to kill my selfe. Hip. True.

Vind. Pree-thee marke it,

And the old Duke being dead, but not conuaide,

For he’s already mist too, and you know:

Murder will peepe out of the closest huske. Hip. Most true?

Vind. What say you then to this deuice,

If we drest vp the body of the Duke.

Hip. In that disguise of yours.

Vind. Y’are quick, y’aeu reacht it.

Hip. I like it wonderously.

Vind. And being in drinck, as you haue publisht him,

To leane him on his elbowe, as if sleepe had caught him:

Which claimes most interest in such sluggy men.

Hip. Good yet, but here’s a doubt,

H  Me
Enter the Dutches arme in arme with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciuously to her, after them, Enter Superuacuo, running with a rapier, his Brother stops him.

Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out there Mother one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with daggers in their hands.
O thou? for whom no name is bad ynough.

What meanes my sonnes what will you murder me?

Wicked, vnnaturall Parents.

Feend of women.

Oh! are sonnes turnd monsters? helpe.

In vaine.

Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples Vpon the brest that gaue you suck.

That brest,

Is turnd to Quarled poyson.

Cut not your daies for’t, am not I your mother?

Thou dost usurpe that title now by fraud

For in that shell of mother breeds a bawde.

A bawde? O name far loathsomer then hell.

It should be so knewst thou thy Office well.

I hate it.

Ah ist possible, Thou onely, you powers on hie,

That women should dissemble when they die.

Dissemble.

Did not the Dukes sonne direct

A fellow, of the worlds condition, hither,

That did corrupt all that was good in thee:

Made thee vncluilly forget thy selfe,

And worke our sister to his lust.

Who I,

That had beene monstrous? I defie that man:

For any such intent, none liues so pure,

But shall be soild with slander, — good sonne beleiuе it not.

Oh I me in doubt,

Whether I me my selfe, or no,

Stay, let me looke agen vpon this face.

Who shall be sau’d when mothers haue no grace.

Twould make one halfe dispaire.

I was the man,

Defie me, now? lets see, do’t modestly.

O hell vnto my soule.

In that disguize, I sent from the Dukes sonne,

Tryed you, and found you base mettell,
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

As any villaine might haue donne.

Mo. O no, no tongue but yours could haue bewitcht me so.

Vind. O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,
There is no diuill could strike fire so soone:
I am confuted in a word.

Mot. Oh sonnes, forgie me, to my selfe ile proue more true,
You that should honor me, I kneele to you.

Vind. A mother to giue ayme to her owne daughter.

Hip. True brother, how far beyond nature ’tis,
Tho many Mothers do’t.

Vind. Nay and you draw teares once, go you to bed,
Wet will make yron blush and change to red:
Brother it raines, twill spoile your dagger, house it.

Hip. Tis done.

Vin. Yfaith tis a sweete shower, it dos much good,
The fruitfull grounds, and meadowes of her soule,
Has beene long dry: powre downe thou blessed dew,
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.

Mot. O you heauens? take this infectious spot out of my soule,
Ile rence it in seauen waters of mine eyes?
Make my teares salt ynoough to tast of grace,
To weepe, is to our sexe: naturally giuen:
But to weepe truely thats a gift from heauen?

Vind. Nay Ile kisse you now: kisse her brother?
Lets marry her to our soules, wherein’s no lust,
And honorably loue her. Hip. Let it be.

Vind. For honest women are so sild and rare,
Tis good to cherish those poore few that are.
Oh you of easie waxe, do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That Office would haue cling’d vnto your forehead,
All mothers that had any gracefull hue,
Would haue woren maskes to hide their face at you:
It would haue growne to this, at your foule name;
Greene-collour’d maides would haue turnd red with shame?

Hip. And then our sister full of hire, and bassenesse.

Vind. There had beeene boyling lead agen,
The dukes sonnes great Concubine:
A drab of State, a cloath a siluer slut,
To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i’th durt; great.

_Hip._ To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.

_Vind._ O common madnesse:

Aske but the thruiungst harlot in cold bloud,
Sheed giue the world to make her honour good,
Perhaps youle say but onely to’th Dukes sonne,
In priuate; why, shee first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand prooues a whore:
„Breake Ice in one place, it will crack in more.

_Mother._ Most certainly applyed?

_Hip._ Oh Brother, you forget our businesse.

_Vind._ And well remembred, ioye’s a subtill elfe,
I thinke man’s happiest, when he forgets himselfe:
Farewell once dryed, now holy-watred Meade,
Our hearts weare Feathers, that before wore Lead.

_Mother._ Ile giue you this, that one I neuer knew
Plead better, for, and gainst the Diuill, then you.

_Vind._ You make me proud ont.

_Hip._ Commend vs in all vertue to our Sister.

_Vind._ I for the loue of heauen, to that true maide.

_Mother._ With my best words.

_Vind._ Why that was motherly sayd.

_Mother._ I wonder now what fury did transport me?

Oh with what fore-head can I looke on her?
Whose honor I’ue so impiouslie beset,
And here shee comes,

_Cast._ Now mother, you haue wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advauement, as to calme
The trouble of your tongue: I am content.

_Mother._ Content, to what?

_Cast._ To do as you haue wisht me,
To prostitute my brest to the Dukes sonne:
And put my selfe to common Vsury.

_Mother._ I hope you will not so.

_Cast._ Hope you I will not?

That’s not the hope you looke to be saued in.

_Mother._ Truth but it is.

_H3_  
_Cast._ Do
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Cast. Do not deceiue your selfe,  
I am, as you een out of Marble wrought,  
What would you now, are yee not pleasde yet with me,  
You shall not wish me to be more lasciuious  
Then I intend to be.  

   Cast. How often haue you chargd me on your blessing  
To be a cursed woman — when you knew,  
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,  
You laide your cursse vpon me, that did more,  
The mothers curse is heauy, where that fights,  
Sonnes set in storme, and daughters loose their lights?  

   Moth. Good childe, deare maide, if there be any sparke  
Of heauenly intellectuall fire within thee, oh let my breath,  
Reuieue it to a flame:  
Put not all out, with womans wilfull follyes,  
I am recouerd of that foule disease  
That haunts too many mothers, kinde forgiue me,  
Make me not sick in healt? — if then  
My words preuailde when they were wickednesse,  
How much more now when they are iust and good?  

   Cast. I wonder what you meane, are not you she  
For whose infect perswasions I could scarce  
Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo  
In three houres reading, to vntwist so much  
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.  

   Moth. Tis vnfruitfull, held tedious to repeate whats past,  
Ime now your present Mother.  

   Cast. Push, now ’tis too late,  

   Moth. Bethinke agen, thou knowst not what thou sayst.  

   Cast. No, deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne.  

   Moth. O see, I spoke those words, and now they poyson me:  
What will the deed do then?  
Aduancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,  
For Treasure; who ere knew a harlot rich?  
Or could build by the purchase of her sinne,  
An hospitall to keepe their bastards in: The Dukes sonne,  
Oh when woemen are yong Courtiers, they are sure to be old  
To know the miseries most harlots taste,  
Thoudst wish thy selfe vnborne, when thou art vnchast.  

   Cast. O mother let me twine about your necke,  
And
And kisse you till my soule melt on your lips,
I did but this to trie you.  

Mot. O speake truth.

Cast. Indeed I did not, for no tong has force to alter me from
If maydens would, mens words could haue no power, (honest
A virgin honor is a christall Tower.
Which being weake is guarded with good spirits,
Vntill she basely yeelds no ill inherits.

Mot. O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saued me,
Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,
Buy thou a glasse for maides, and I for mothers.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Vindice and Hippolito.

Vin. So, so, he leanes well, take heede you wake him not bro-

Hip. I warant you my life for yours. (ther

Vin. Thats a good lay, for I must kill my selfe?
Brother thats I: that sits for me: do you marke it,
And I must stand ready here to make away my selfe yonder — I
must sit to bee kild, and stand to kill my selfe, I could vary it
not so little as thrice ouer agen, tas some eight returns like
Michelmas Tearme.  Hip. Thats enow a conscience.

Vind. But sirrah dos the Dukes sonne come single?

Hip. No, there's the hell on't, his faith's too feeble to go alone?
hee brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzz against supper
time, and hum for his comming out.

Vind. Ah the fly-flop of vengeance beate 'em to peeces? here
was the sweetest occasion, the fittest houre, to haue made my
reueng familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his
father, and how quaintly he died like a Polititian in hugger-
mugger, made no man acquaintance with it, and in Catastrophe
slaine him ouer his fathers brest, and oh I'me mad to loose such a
sweete opportunity.

Hip. Nay push, pree-thee be content! there's no remedy pre-
sent, may not hereafter times open in as faire faces as this.

Vind. They may if they can paint so well?

Hip. Come, now to auoide al suspition, lets forsake this roome,
and be going to meete the Dukes sonne.  (comes?  Ent. Luss.

Vind. Content, I'me for any wether? heart step close, here hee

Hip. My honord Lord?  Lus. Oh me; you both present.

Vin. E’en newly my Lord, iust as your Lordship enternd now? a-

about this place we had notice giuen hee should bee, but in some
[◇] [◇] [◇] [◇][*]
Anonymer Schriftsteller

**THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.**

*Hip.* Came your honour priuate?

*Luss.* Priuate inough for this: onely a few

Attend my comming out. *Hip.* Death rotte those few.

*Luss.* Stay yonder’s the slaue.

*Vind.* Masse there’s the slaue indeed my Lord;

Tis a good child, he calls his Father slaue.

*Luss.* I, thats the villaine, the dambd villaine: softly,

Tread easie.

*Vin.* Puh, I warrant you my Lord, weele stiflle in our breaths.

*Luss.* That will do well:

Base roague, thou sleepest thy last, tis policie,
To haue him killd in’s sleepe, for if he wakt

Hee would betray all to them.

*Vind.* But my Lord. *Luss.* Ha, what sayst?

*Vind.* Shall we kill him now hees drunke? *Lus.* I best of all.

*Vind.* Why then hee will nere liue to be sober?

*Lus.* No matter, let him reele to hell.

*Vind.* But being so full of liquor, I feare hee will put out all

*Lus.* Thou art a mad brest.

*Vin.* And leaue none to warme your Lordships Gols withall;

For he that dyes drunke, falls into hell fire like a Bucket o’ water, qush qush.

*Lus.* Come be ready, nake your swords, thinke of your wrongs

This slaue has iniur’d you.

*Vind.* Troth so he has, and he has paide well fort.

*Lus.* Meete with him now.

*Vin.* Youle beare vs out my Lord?

*Lus.* Puh, am I a Lord for nothing thinke you, quickly, now.

*Vind.* Sa, sa, sa: thumpe, there he lyes.

*Lus.* Nimibly done, ha? oh, villaines, murderers,

Tis the old Duke my father. *Vind.* That’s a iest.

*Lus.* What stiffe and colde already?

O pardon me to call you from your names:

Tis none of your deed, — that villaine Piato

Whom you thought now to kill, has murderd him,

And left him thus disguizd. *Hip.* And not vnlikely.

*Vind.* O rascall was he not ashamde,

To put the Duke into a greasie doublet.

*Luss.*
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

Luss. He has beene cold and stiff who knowes, how long?

Vind. Marry that do I.

Luss. No words I pray, off any thing entended:

Vind. Oh my Lord.

Hip. I would same haue your Lordship thinke that we haue small reason to prate.

Lus Faith thou sayst true? ile forth-with send to Court,

For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchesse, all?

How here by miracle wee found him dead,

And in his rayment that foule villaine fled.

Vind. That will be the best way my Lord, to cleere vs all: lets cast about to be cleere.

Luss. Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest. Enter all.


Luss. Be witnesse of a strange spectacle:
Choosing for priuate conference that sad roome

We found the Duke my father gede in bloud.

1. My Lord the Duke — run hie thee Nencio,

Startle the Court by signifying so much.

Vind. Thus much by wit a deepe Reuenger can:
When murders knowne, to be the clearest man

We're fordest off, and with as bould an eye,

Suruay his body as the standers by.

Luss. My royall father, too basely let bloud,

By a maleuolent slaue.

Hip. Harke? he calls thee slaue agen. Vin. Ha’s lost, he may.

Lus. Oh sight, looke hether, see, his lips are gnawn with poysō.

Vin. How — his lips by’th masse they bee.

Lus. O villaine — O roague — O slaue — O rascall:

Hip. O good deceite, he quits him with like tearmes.


Amb. Ouer what rooфе hangs this prodigious Comet,

In deadly fire.

Lus. Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my fathers murderd by a vassaile, that owes this habit, and here left disguise.

Duch. My Lord and husband. 2. Reuerend Maiesty.

1. I haue seene these cloths, often attending on him.

Vin. That Nobleman, has bin ith Country, for he dos not lie?

Sup.
THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

...Learne of our mother lets dissemble to,
I am glad hee’s vanish’t; so I hope are you?

Amb. I you may take my word fort.

Spur. Old Dad, dead?

I, one of his cast sinnes will send the Fates
Most hearty commendations by his owne sonne,
Ile tug in the new streame, till strength be done.

Lus. Where be those two, that did affirme to vs?

My Lord the Duke was priuately rid forth?

1. O pardon vs my Lords, hee gaue that charge
Vpon our liues if he were mist at Court,
To answer so; hee rode not any where,
We left him priuate with that fellow here? Vind. Confirmde.

Lus. O heauens, that false charge was his death,
Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,
Maintaine such a false answer? beare him straight to execution.


In this the excuse, may be cal’d halfe the murther?

Vind. Yo’ue sentencde well.

Luss. Away see it be done.

Vind. Could you not stick: see what confession doth?

Who would not lie when men are hangd for truth?

Hip. Brother how happy is our vengeance.

Vin. Why it hits, past the apprehension of indiffernt wits.

Luss. My Lord let post horse be sent,

Into all places to intrap the villaine,

Vin. Post-horse ha ha.

Nob. My Lord, we’re som-thing bould to know our duety?

Your fathers accidentally departed,
The titles that were due to him, meete you.

Lus. Meete me? I’me not at leisure my good Lord,
I’ue many greefes to dispatch out ath way:
Welcome sweete titles, — talke to me my Lords,
Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperors bones,
Thats thought for me.

Vind. So, one may see by this,

How forraigne markets goe:
Courtiers haue feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues,
They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter them-selues.

_Nob._ My Lord it is your shine must comfort vs.

_Luss._ Alas I shine in teares like the Sunne in Aprill.

_Nobl._ Your now my Lords grace?

_Luss._ My Lords grace? I perceiue youle haue it so.

_Nobl._ Tis but your owne.

_Luss._ Then heauens giue me grace to be so?

_Vind._ He praiues wel for him-selfe.

_Nobl._ Madame all sorrowes,

Must runne their circles into ioyes, no doubt but time,

_Wil._ make the murderer bring forth him-selfe.

_Vind._ He were an Asse then yfaith?

_Nob._ In the meane season,

Let vs bethinke the latest-funerall honors:

Due to the Dukes cold bodie, — and withall,
Calling to memory our new happinesse,
Spred in his royall sonne, — Lords Gentlemen,
Prepare for Reuells. _Vind._ Reuells.

_Nobl._ Time hath severall falls,

Greefes lift vp ioyes, feastes put downe funeralls.

_Lus._ Come then my Lords, my fauours to you all,

The Duchesse is suspected, fowly bent,
Ile beginne Dukedome with her banishment? _Exeunt Duke

_Hip._ Reuells. 

_Vind._ I, that’s the word, we are firme yet,

Strike one straine more, and then we crowne our wit. _Exeunt Bro.

_Spu._ Well, haue the fayrest marke, — (so sayd the Duke when
he begot me,)

And if I misse his heart or neere about,
Then haue at any, a Bastard scernes to be out.

_Sup._ Not’st thou that _Spurio_ brother.

_And._ Yes I note him to our shame.

_Super._ He shall not liue, his haire shall not grow much longer?
in this time of Reuells tricks may be set a foote, seest thou yon
new Moone, it shall out-liue the new Duke by much, this hand
shall dispossesse him, then we’re mighty.

A maske is treasons licence, that build ypon?
Tis murders best face when a vizard’s on. _Exit Super.

_Amb._
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

   Amb.  Ist so, ’ts very good,
And do you thinke to be Duke then, kinde brother:
Ile see faire play, drop one, and there lies tother.          Exit Ambi.

Enter Vindice & Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.

    Vind.  My Lords; be all of Musick, strike old grieues into other
That flow in too much milke, and haue faint liuers,       (countries
Not daring to stab home their discontents:
Let our hid flames breake out, as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous Dukedome: vex with sinne;
Winde vp your soules to their full height agen.

            3.  Any way: our wrongs are such,
We cannot iustly be reuengde too much.

    Vind.  You shall haue all enough: — Reuels are toward,
And those few Nobles that haue long suppressd you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a Maske:
And do affect to make a pleasant taile ont,
The Masking suites are fashioning, now comes in
That which must glad vs all — wee to take patterne
Of all those suites, the colour, trimming, fashion,
E’en to an vndistinguisht hayre almost:
Then entering first, obersuing the true forme,
Within a straine or two we shall finde leasure,
To steale our swords out handsomly,
And when they thinke their pleasure sweete and good,
In midst of all their ioyes, they shall sigh bloud.

    Pie.  Weightily, effectuely, 3. before the tother Maskers come.

    Vind.  We’re gone, all done and past.

    Pie.  But how for the Dukes guard?  Vind.  Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunke downe,

    Hip.  There are fiue hundred Gentlemen in the action,
That will apply them-selues, and not stand idle.

    Pier.  Oh let vs hug your bosomes.  Vin.  Come my Lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times haue words.

   Exeunt.

   In a dum shew, the possessing of the young Duke.
with all his Nobles: Then sounding Musick.
A furnisht Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke
& his Nobles to the banquet. A blasing-star appeareth.

Noble-
THE RE[****]ERS TRAGÆDIE.

Noble. Many harmonious houres, and choisest pleasures,
Fill vp the royall numbers of your yeares.

Lus. My Lords we’re pleasd to thanke you? — tho we know,
Tis but your duety now to wish it so.

Nob. That shine makes vs all happy.

3. Nob. His Grace frounes?

2. Nob. Yet we must say he smiles. 1. Nob. I thinke we must.

Lus. That foule-Incontinent Duchesse we haue banisht,
The Bastard shall not liue: after these Reuells
Ile begin strange ones; hee and the stepsonnes,
Shall pay their liues for the first subsidies,
We must not frowne so soone, else t’ad beene now?

1. Nob. My gratious Lord please you prepare for pleasure,
The maske is not far off.

Lus. We are for pleasure,
Beshrew thee, what art thou? madst me start?
Thou hast committed treason, — A blazing star.


2. Nob. See, see, my Lords, a wondrous-dreadful one.

Lus. I am not pleasd at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing-flaring star, — am not I Duke?
It should not quake me now: had it appeard,
Before it, I might then haue iustly feard,
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:
When stars were locks, they threaten great-mens heads,
Is it so? you are read my Lords.

1. Nob. May it please your Grace,
It showes great anger.

Lus. That dos not please our Grace.

2. Nob. Yet here’s the comfort my Lord, many times

When it seemes most it threatnes fardest off.

Lus. Faith and I thinke so too.

1. Nob. Beside my Lord,
You’r gracefully establisht with the loues
Of all your subiects: and for naturall death,
I hope it will be threescore years a comming.

Lus. True, no more but threescore years.

1. Nob. Fourescore I hope my Lord: 2, Nob. And fiuescore, I,


Lus.
Lus. Give me thy hand, these others I rebuke,  
He that hopes so, is sittest for a Duke:  
Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,  
We’re ready now for sports, let ’em set on.  
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!  
3. Nob. I heare ’em comming my Lord. Enter the Maske of  
Lus. Ah tis well, Reuengers the two Brothers, and  
Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? two Lords more.  
The Reuengers daunce?  
At the end, steale out their swords, and these foure kill the foure  
the Table, in their Chaires. It thunders.  
Vind. Marke, Thunder?  
Dost know thy kue, thou big-voyc’st cryer?  
Dukes groanes, are thunders watch-words,  
Hip. So my Lords, You haue ynoough.  
Hip. Follow, goe?  
Vind. No power is angry when the lust-ful die,  
When thunder-claps, heauen likes the tragedy. Exit Vin.  
Lus. Oh, oh. Enter the other Maske of entended murderers? Step-sons; Bastard;  
and a fourth man, comming in dauncing, the Duke recouers a  
little in voyce, and groanes, — calls a guard, treason.  
At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards  
the Table, they finde them all to be murdered.  
Spur. Whose groane was that? Lus. Treason, a guard.  
4. And those his Nobles?  
Amb. Here’s a labour sau’d,  
I thought to haue sped him, Sbloud how came this.  
Spur. Then I proclaime my selfe, now I am Duke.  
Amb. Thou Duke,! brother thou liest.  
Spu. Slaue so dost thou?  
4. Base villayne hast thou slaine my Lord and Maister.  
Enter the first men.  
Vind. Pistolls, treason, murder, helpe, guard my Lord the Duke.  
Hip. Lay hold vpon this Traytors? Lus. Oh.  
Vind. Alasse, the Duke is murderd. Hip. And the Nobles.  
Vind.
The Revengers Tragedie.

Vin. Surgeons, Surgeons, — heart dos he breath so long.

Ant. A piteous tragædy, able to wake.

An old-mans eyes bloud-shot; Luss. Oh.

Vin. Looke to my Lord the Duke—a vengeance throttle him.

Confesse thou murdrous and vnhollowed man, Didst thou kill all these?

4. None but the Bastard I,

Vin. How came the Duke slaine then;

4. We found him so, Luss. O villaine,

Vin. Harke. Luss. Those in the maske did murder vs,

Vin. Law you now sir.

O marble impudence! will you confesse now?

4. Sloud tis all false,

Ant. Away with that foule monster,

Dipt in a Princes bloud.

4. Heart tis a lye,

Ant. Let him haue bitter execution,

Vin. New marrow no I cannot be exprest,

How faires my Lord the Duke.

Luss Farewel to al,

He that climes highest has the greatest fall,

My tong is out of office.

Vin. Ayre Gentlemen, ayre,

Now thoult not prate ont, twas Vindice murdred thee,

Luss. Oh. Vin. Murdred thy Father.

Luss. Oh.

Vin. And I am he — tell no-body, so so, the Dukes departed,

Ant. It was a deadly hand that wounded him,

The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway,

After his death were so made all away,

Vin. My Lord was vnlikely, Hip. Now the hope,

Of Italy lyes in your reuerend yeares?

Vin. Your hayre, will make the siluer age agen,

When there was fewer but more honest men,

Anto. The burdens weighty and will presse age downe,

May I so rule that heauen nay keepe the crowne,

Vin. The rape of your good Lady has beene quited,

With death on death. Ant. Iust is the Lawe aboue

But
THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

But of all things it puts me most to wonder
How the old Duke came murdred Vin. Oh, my Lord.

Ant. It was the strangeliest carried, I not hard of the like,

Hip. Twas all donne for the best my Lord,

Vin. All for your graces good? we may be bould to speake it

Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it.

Twas we two murdred him,  Ant. You two?

Vin. None else ifaith my Lord nay twas well managde,

Ant. Lay hands vpon those villaines. Vin. How? on vs?

Ant. Beare ’em two speedy execution,

Vin. Heart wast not for your good my Lord?

Ant. My good away with ’em such an ould man as he,

You that would murder him would murder me,

Vin. Ist come about; Hip. Sfoote brother you begun,

Vin. May not we set as well as the Dukes sonne,

Thou hast no conscience, are we not reuengde?

Is there one enemy left alie amongst those?

Tis time to die, when we are our selues our foes.

When murders shut deeds closse, this curse does seale ’em,

If none disclose ’em they them selues reuale ’em!

This murder might haue slept in tonglesse brasse,

But for our selues, and the world dyed an asse;

Now I remember too, here was Piato.

Brought forth a knauish sentance once, no doubt (said he) but

Will make the murderer bring forth himselfe?

Tis well he died, he was a witch,

And now my Lord, since we are in for euer:

This worke was ours which else might haue beene slipt,

And if we list we could haue Nobles clipt,

And go for lesse then beggers, but we hate

To bleed so cowardly we haue ynough,

Yfaith, we’re well, our Mother turn’d, our Sister true,

We die after a nest of Dukes, adue,

Exeunt

Ant. How subtilly was that murder closde, beare vp,

Those tragick bodies, tis a heavy season:

Pray heauen their bloud may wash away all treason.

Exit

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. 3 (2-b) : The regularized reading Vindice is amended from the original Vendici.
2. 55 (3-a) : The regularized reading her comes from the original her, though possible variants include his.
3. 120 (4-a) : The regularized reading Court is amended from the original Cour.
4. 226 (5-a) : The regularized reading methinks is amended from the original my thinks.
5. 384 (7-b) : The regularized reading Mistresses is amended from the original Mistesses.
6. 651 (11-a) : The regularized reading Should is amended from the original Sould.
7. 1146 (17-b) : The regularized reading Grace is amended from the original Gtace.
8. 1169 (17-b) : The regularized reading will is amended from the original will.
9. 1598 (23-b) : The regularized reading Slobbering is amended from the original Flobbering.
10. 1673 (24-b) : The regularized reading Supervacuo is amended from the original Spu.
11. 1686 (24-b) : The regularized reading our is amended from the original out.
12. 1785 (26-a) : The regularized reading desperate is amended from the original desperare.
13. 1800 (26-a) : The regularized reading come is amended from the original comes.
14. 1952 (28-a) : The letters ets in this word are printed beneath the line, due to slipped type. EMED reinstates the letters to the correct position.
15. 1956 (28-a) : The regularized reading know is amended from the original hnow.
16. 1995 (28-b) : The regularized reading surely is amended from the original surely.
17. 2107 (30-a) : The regularized reading Wouldst is amended from the original Woult.
18. 2318 (32-b) : The regularized reading loathsome is supplied for the original [◇].
19. 2318 (32-b) : The regularized reading plight is supplied for the original [◇].
20. 2318 (32-b) : The regularized reading or is supplied for the original [◇].
21. 2318 (32-b) : The regularized reading other is supplied for the original [◇].
22. 2318 (32-b) : The regularized reading other is supplied for the original [◇].
23. 2337 (33-a) : The regularized reading breast comes from the original brest, though possible variants include beast.
24. 2464 (34-b) : The regularized reading Ambitioso is amended from the original And.
25. 2549 (36-a) : The regularized reading fittest is amended from the original sittest.
26. 2587 (36-b) : The regularized reading make is amended from the original wake.
27. 2621 (36-b) : The regularized reading may is amended from the original nay.
28. 2633 (37-a) : The regularized reading to is amended from the original two.
29. 2657 (37-a) : The regularized reading closed is amended from the original elosde.